John Wells

THE WINDSOR SHAKESPEARE

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS 'KING JOHN'

THE WINDSOR SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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Illustrated from the Paintings of Great Artists

VOLUME X

KING JOHN

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

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KING JOHN

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First printed in the folio of 1623, but included in the list of Shakespeare's plays given by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia,* in 1598. This is the only external evidence we have as to the date of the writing. Various attempts have been made to argue that date from allusions to contemporary matters; but I cannot see that those attempts really amount to any thing at all. On the other hand, some of the German critics are altogether out, when, arguing from the internal evidences of style, structure of the verse, and tone of thought, they refer the piece to the same period of the author's life with *The Tempest, The Winter's Tale,* and *Cymbeline.* In these respects, it strikes me as having an intermediate cast between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Merchant of Venice.* From the characteristics of style alone, I am quite persuaded that the play was written some considerable time before *King Henry the Fourth.* It thus synchronises, I should say, very nearly with *King Richard the Second.* The matter is well stated by Schlegel: 'In *King John* the political and warlike events are dressed out with solemn pomp, for the very reason that they have little of true grandeur. The falsehood and selfishness of the monarch speak in the style of a manifesto. Conventional dignity is most indispensable where personal dignity is wanting. Falconbridge is the witty interpreter of this language; he ridicules the secret springs of politics, without disapproving of them; for he owns that he is endeavouring to make his fortune by similar means, and would rather be of the deceivers than the deceived; there being in his view of the world no other choice.' Schlegel thus regards the peculiarities in question as growing naturally out of the subject; whereas I have no scruple of referring them to the undergraduate state of the Poet's genius; for in truth they are much the same as in several other plays where no such cause has been alleged. These remarks, however, are hardly applicable except to the first three Acts of the play; in the last two we have much more of the full-grown

Shakespeare, sure-footed and self-supporting; the hidden elements of character, and the subtle shapings and turnings of guilty thought shining out in clear transparence, or flashing forth amidst the stress of passion; with kindlings of poetic and dramatic inspiration not unworthy the best workmanship of the Poet's middle period.

Shakespeare's play was founded upon an earlier one entitled 'The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England,' first printed in 1591, again in 1611, and a third time in 1622. The first issue was anonymous; the other two were put forth with Shakespeare's name as author; which really does nothing towards proving it to be his, as we have divers instances of other men's workmanship being fathered upon him. Steevens at one time thought it to be Shakespeare's, but afterwards gave it up, as he well might. Several of the German critics have taken the other side, arguing the point at great length, but with little effect. To answer their arguments were more easy than profitable; and such answer can better be spared than the space it would fill, since no English reader able to understand the reasoning will need it, after once reading the play. Coleridge indeed went so far in 1802 as to pronounce it 'not his, yet of him'; a judgment in which few, I apprehend, will concur. In effect, all the English critics agree that he did not write it, though scarce any two of them agree who did.

The scope and sum of the Poet's borrowings from the older play are aptly expressed by Staunton: 'The play of *King John* stands precisely in the same relation to the old drama called "The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England," that *The Taming of the Shrew* does to its predecessor, *The Taming of a Shrew*. In both cases the older productions were probably current favourites on the stage when Shakespeare first joined it; and in obedience to the customs of the time, and perhaps to the dictates of his employers, he took them up as good dramatic subjects; and, availing himself of the general plot and leading incidents of each, transfused a new vitality into the crude materials furnished by some other workman.'

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King John.

Prince Henry, his Son.

Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.

Mareshall, Earl of Pembroke.

Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex.

Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.

Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.

Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain.

Robert Falconbridge.

Philip, the Bastard, his Half-Brother.

James Gurney, Servant to Lady Falconbridge.

Peter of Pomfret, a Prophet.

Philip, King of France.

Louis, the Dauphin.

Archduke of Austria.

Pandulph, the Pope's Legate.

Melun, a French Lord.

Chatillon, Ambassador from France to King John.

Elinor, Mother to King John.

Constance, Mother to Arthur.

Blanch, Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile.

Lady Falconbridge.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene: *Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

KING JOHN

ACT I.

Scene 1. *Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, *and others, with* Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?
Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,
In my behaviour,[1] to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.
Eli. A strange beginning: borrow'd majesty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceasèd brother Geffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,—
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control[2] of fierce and bloody war,
T' enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

[1] 'In the speech and action I am now going to use.' So in v. 2 of this play: 'Now hear our English King; for thus his royalty doth speak *in me*.'

[2] *Control* here means *coercion* or *constraint*. Hooker often uses the word in the kindred sense of to *rebuke, censure*, or *chastise*; as in Preface, ii. 4: 'Authority to convent, to *control*, to punish, as far as excommunication,' etc. And viii. 7: 'They began to *control* the ministers of the Gospel for attributing so much force and virtue to the Scriptures of God read.' Also in Book vii. 16, 6: 'Which letters he justly taketh in marvellous evil part, and therefore severely *controlleth* his great presumption in making himself a judge of a judge.'

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon[1] shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen[2] presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to 't.—Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Exeunt* Chatillon *and* Pembroke.
Eli. What now, my son! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage[3] of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.
K. John. Our strong possession and our right for us.
Eli. [*aside to* John.] Your strong possession much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven and you and I shall hear.

[1] The Poet here antedates the use of gunpowder by more than a hundred years. So, again, in ii. 1 we have the expression 'bullets wrapp'd in fire.' John's reign began in 1199, and cannon are said to have been first used in the battle of Cressy, 1346. Shakespeare was never studious of historical accuracy in such points: he aimed to speak the language that was most intelligible to his audience, rendering the ancient engines of war by their modern equivalents.

[2] *Gloomy, dismal, doleful* are among the old senses of *sullen*. So in *2 Henry IV.*, i. 1: 'And his tongue sounds ever after as a *sullen* bell, remember'd knolling a departing friend.' Also in Milton's sonnet to Lawrence: 'And by the fire help waste a *sullen* day.'—*Trumpet*, in the line before, is put for *trumpeter*. Often so. And, in the line after, *conduct* for *escort*; also a frequent usage. See *Twelfth Night*, page 66, note 4.

[3] *Manage* for *management, conduct*, or *administration*; a frequent usage. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 4: 'I commit into your hands the husbandry and *manage* of my house until my lord's return.'

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, *who whispers* Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit* Sheriff.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

Re-enter Sheriff, *with* Robert Falconbridge, *and* Philip *his bastard Brother.*

What men are you?
Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.
Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whêr[1] I be as true begot or no,

[1] A frequent contraction of *whether*.

That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,—
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven sent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick[1] of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:[2]
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examinéd his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-faced groat[3] five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. —And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
Th' advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,—
As I have heard my father speak himself,—
When this same lusty gentleman was got.

[1] *Trick*, as here used, is properly an heraldic term for *mark* or *note*; hence meaning a peculiarity of countenance or expression. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 14, note 5.

[2] To *affect* a thing is, in one sense, to *draw* or *incline* towards it; that is, to *resemble* it. The meaning here is, that the Bastard's speech has a *smack* of his alleged father's.

[3] The groats of Henry VII. differed from other coins in having a *half-face*, or profile, instead of a full-face. Hence the phrase *half-faced groat* came to be used of a meagre visage. So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601: 'You *half-fac'd groat*, you thin-cheek'd chitty face.'

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,[1]
That this my mother's son was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. JOHN. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate,
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROB. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

BAST. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

ELI. Whêr hadst thou rather,[2] be a Falconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence,[3] and no land besides?

BAST. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his,[4] like him;

[1] This appears to have been a common form of making oath, or swearing to a thing. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, v. 4: 'I'll *take it upon my death*, I gave him this wound in the thigh.'

[2] *Whêr*, again, for *whether*. And in alternative questions *whether* is often used as equivalent to *which*, or *which of the two*. So that the meaning here is, 'Which wouldst thou prefer, to be a Falconbridge,' etc.

[3] *Presence* is here equivalent to *person*; and the meaning is lord *in right of* thy own person. The lord of a thing is, properly, the *owner* of it; and lords are commonly such in virtue of the lands and titles that belong to them. As the son of a king, Falconbridge will be a lord by personal right, whether he has any lands or not. Sir Henry Wotton's *Happy Man* has a similar expression: 'Lord of himself, though not of lands.'

[4] *Sir Robert his* is merely equivalent to *Sir Robert's*; *his* being the old sign of the genitive.

And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, *Look, where three-farthings goes!*[1]
And, to[2] his shape, were heir to all this land;
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

ELI. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

BAST. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

ELI. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BAST. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. JOHN. What is thy name?

BAST. Philip, my liege,—so is my name begun,—
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eld'st son.

K. JOHN. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great,—
Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.[3]

BAST. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
Now blessèd be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

ELI. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

BAST. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,[4]

[1] Alluding to the three-farthing pieces of Elizabeth, which, being of silver, were of course very thin. These pieces had a profile of the Queen on the obverse side, and a rose on the reverse. Staunton notes that, 'as with the profile of the sovereign it bore the emblem of *a rose*, its similitude to a weazen-faced beau with that flower stuck in his ear, according to a courtly fashion of Shakespeare's day, is sufficiently intelligible and humorous.'

[2] Here *to* has the force of *in addition to*; a frequent usage.

[3] *Plantagenet* was originally an epithet conferred upon a member of the House of Anjou from his wearing a stalk of the broom-plant, *planta genista*, in his cap or bonnet.

[4] That is, 'I am your grandson, though, to be sure, somewhat *irregu-*

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;[1]
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Falconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;
A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam,—and come, Richard; we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee! 180
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.—

[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:
Good den,[2] *Sir Richard:—God-a-mercy, fellow!*
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective and too sociable
For your conversion.[3] Now your traveller,—
He and his toothpick at my Worship's mess; 190
And, when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why, then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My pickèd man, of countries:[4] *My dear sir*,

larly so; but that matters little, since what a man has, he has, however he came by it; and, in a shooting-match, it makes no difference whether one hits close or wide of the mark, so long as he wins the game.' Such is in substance Johnson's explanation. Here, as often, *truth* is put for *honesty*. So *true man* often means *honest man*.

[1] These were proverbial phrases applied to persons born illegitimately. So in *The Family of Love*, 1608: 'Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that *came in at a window*.' And in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634: 'I would not have you think I scorn my grannam's cat to *leap over the hatch*.'

[2] *Good den* was a common colloquialism for *good even*.—*God-a-mercy* is an old colloquialism for *God have mercy*; that is, 'God *pardon me*.' Here it stands as a sort of apology for non-recognition.—*Joan*, in the line before, is used as a common term meaning about the same as *wench*.

[3] *Conversion* here means *change of condition*, such as the speaker has just undergone in being transferred to a higher rank. *Respective* is *mindful* or *considerate*; a very frequent usage. The language of the passage is elliptical; the meaning being, that *remembering men's names* implies too much thought of others, and too much community of feeling, for one that has just been lifted into nobility of rank. The Bastard is ridiculing the affectations of aristocratic greenhorns. See Critical Notes.

[4] *Pickèd* is *scrupulously nice, fastidious*, or *coxcombical*; as in *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 1: 'He is too *picked*, too spruce, too odd, too affected, as it were, too peregrinate.' 'My picked man' here is a man who pranks up

Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
I shall beseech you—that is Question now;
And then comes Answer like an A B C-book:[1]
O sir, says Answer, *at your best command;*
At your employment; at your service, sir:
No, sir, says Question; *I, sweet sir, at yours:*
And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,—
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po,—
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;
For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation:[2]
And so am I,—whether I smack or no,—
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
But from the inward motion, to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:[3]

his behaviour with foreign airs, or what may pass for such; and the meaning is, catechise him of, or *about*, the countries he claims to have seen. In Shakespeare's time, which was an age of newly-awakened curiosity, with but small means of gratifying it, travellers were much welcomed to the tables of the rich and noble, for the instruction and entertainment of their talk. This naturally drew on a good deal of imposture from such as were more willing to wag their tongues than to work with their hands. It seems that the tooth-pick was wont to cut a prominent figure in the conduct of such persons. So in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, ii. 1: 'Amorphus, a traveller, one so made out of the mixture of shreds of forms, that himself is truly deform'd. He walks most commonly with a clove or pick-tooth in his mouth; he is the mint of compliment; all his behaviours are printed,' etc. Also in Overbury's *Characters*: 'His attire speakes French or Italian, and his gate cries, *Behold* me. He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speakes his own language with shame and lisping: he will choake rather than confess beere good drinke; and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behaviour.'

[1] *A B C-book* was for teaching children their letters, *catechism*, etc.

[2] The meaning is, that the present time thinks scorn of a man who does not show by his dress and manners that he has travelled abroad, and observed the world. Sir Richard here uses *bastard* in a double sense; for one born illegitimately, and also for one that the time regards as *base*, that is, low-born or low-bred.

[3] Something of obscurity here, perhaps. But I take the infinitive *to deliver* as depending upon *I am*. *Motion* is *motive*, or *moving power*; and '*inward* motion' is an honest, genuine impulse or purpose in antithesis to the mere externals spoken of just before. So that Sir Richard means that he is going to humour the world in his outward man, and at the same time be thoroughly sound within; or that he will *appear* what the age craves, and yet *be* what he ought.

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;[1]
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?[2]

Enter LADY FALCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady! 220
What brings you here to Court so hastily?
LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?
BAST. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant,[3] that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?
LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.
BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile? 230
GUR. Good leave, good Philip.
BAST. *Philip!* sparrow![4] James,
There's toys[5] abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.—
[*Exit* GURNEY.

[1] The *which*, in this latter member of the sentence, I understand as referring to the whole sense of the preceding member. The speaker means to learn the arts of popularity, and to practise them, not hollowly, that he may cheat the people, or play the demagogue, but from the heart, and that he may be an overmatch for the cheats and demagogues about him. The Poet here prepares us for the honest and noble part which Falconbridge takes in the play; giving us an early inside taste of this most downright and forthright humourist, who delights in a sort of righteous or inverted hypocrisy, talking like a knave, and acting like a hero.

[2] A double allusion, to the horns blown by postmen, and to such horns as Lady Falconbridge has endowed her husband with. See *Merchant of Venice*, page 90, note 3; and *Much Ado About Nothing*, page 12, note 2.

[3] The famous Danish giant whom Guy of Warwick vanquished in the presence of King Athelstan. The History of Guy was a popular book.

[4] The sparrow was called Philip, because its note resembles that name. So in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*: '*Phip, Phip*, the sparrows as they fly.' And Catullus, in his elegy on Lesbia's sparrow, formed the verb *pipilabat*, to express the note of that bird. The new Sir Richard tosses off the name *Philip* with affected contempt.

[5] *Toys* sometimes means *rumours* or *idle reports*: here it probably means *slight changes* or *novelties*; alluding humorously to the changes in the speaker's name and rank.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
LADY F. Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?
BAST. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like:[1]
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert; and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother,[2] let me know my father;
Some proper[3] man, I hope: who was it, mother?
LADY F. Hast thou denied thyself a Falconbridge?
BAST. As faithfully as I deny the Devil.
LADY F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father:
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heaven lay not my transgression to thy charge,
That art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urged, past my defence!
BAST. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on Earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjécted tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatchèd force

[1] Referring to the old play of *Solyman and Perseda*, 1599, in which there is a bragging, cowardly knight called Basilisco. Piston, a buffoon, jumps upon his back, and forces him to take an oath as 'the aforesaid Basilisco'; whereupon he says, 'I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*'; and Piston replies, '*Knave*, good fellow, *knave*.'

[2] We should say, 'my good mother.' Such inversions occur very often all through these plays. So we have 'dread my lord,' 'sweet my sister,' 'gentle my brother,' 'gracious my mother,' etc.

[3] *Proper* is *handsome, fine-looking*; such being then the more common meaning of the word.

The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand:
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts[1]
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Who lives, and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to Hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not. [*exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before the Walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, PHILIP, *King of France,* LOUIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Forces; on the other, the* ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA *and Forces.*

K. PHI. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria!—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:[2]
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance[3] hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the usurpation

[1] It is sayd that a lyon was put to Kynge Richarde, beynge in prison, to have devoured him; and, when the lyon was gapynge, he put his arm in his mouthe, and pulled the lyon by the harte so hard, that he slew the lyon; and therefore some say he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon: but some say he is called Cure de Lyon because of his boldnesse and hardy stomake.—RASTALL'S *Chronicle.*

[2] In point of fact, Leopold, the Duke of Austria who imprisoned Richard, died by a fall from his horse in 1195, four years before John came to the throne; and Richard fell by the hand of the Viscount of Limoges, one of his own vassals. But Shakespeare, following the old play, makes Limoges and Austria the same person. So in iii. 1: 'O *Limoges!* O *Austria!* thou dost shame that bloody spoil.' And in the old play: 'The Bastard chaseth *Lymoges the Austrich Duke,* and maketh him leave the lyon's skin.'

[3] *Importance* for *importunity*; a frequent usage. See *Twelfth Night,* page 91, note 1.

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
ARTH. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war:
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstainèd love:[1]
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.
K. PHI. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?
AUST. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture[2] of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders,—
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-wallèd bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,—
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
CONST. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength
To make a more[3] requital to your love!
AUST. The peace of Heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. PHI. Well, then, to work: our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:[4]

[1] We have an instance of similar language in *Pericles*, i. 1: 'My *unspotted* fire of love.' Also near the close of this play: 'And the like tender of our love we make, to rest *without a spot* for evermore.'

[2] An *indenture* is, properly, a written contract drawn in duplicate on one piece of parchment, and then two copies cut with *indentations*, so as to guard against counterfeits. Setting the *seal* to such an instrument was the finishing stroke of the process, and made the contract good in law.—In the third line after, 'that pale, that white-faced shore' refers to the chalky cliffs at Dover which from the opposite coast appear as a whitened wall.

[3] *More* in the sense of *greater*. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3: 'The *more* and less came in with cap and knee.'

[4] That is, to select the most advantageous places for assault.

We 'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.
CONST. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly[1] shed.
K. PHI. A wonder, lady; lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!—

Enter CHATILLON.

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.
CHAT. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd,[2] have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I;
His marches are expedient[3] to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até,[4] stirring him to blood and strife;
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them, a bastard of the King deceased:
And all th' unsettled humours of the land,—
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,[5]—
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights[6] proudly on their backs,

[1] *Indirectly* in the Latin sense of *indirectus*; that is, *wrongfully*. Such a wanton or needless shedding of blood would be *unrighteous*; so Constance thinks.

[2] The winds whose *quietness*, or whose *subsiding*, I have *waited for*.

[3] *Expedient* for *rapid* or *expeditious*; a common usage in the Poet's time. See *Richard III.*, page 19, note 1.

[4] Até was the goddess of discord, the unholy spirit of hate.

[5] The *spleen* was supposed to be the special seat of the electric and gunpowder passions. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, page 9, note 5.

[6] A *birthright*, as the word is here used, is an *inherited estate*.

To make a hazard of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft[1] o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums [*drums within.*
Cuts off more circumstance:[2] they are at hand,
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.
K. PHI. How much unlook'd for is this expedition![3]
AUST. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and Forces.*

K. JOHN. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to Heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to Heaven.
K. PHI. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought[4] his lawful King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-facèd infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large

[1] *Waft* for *wafted*. The Poet has many preterites formed the same way, such as *quit*, *hoist*, etc. See *The Tempest*, page 19, note 2.
[2] *Circumstance* for *particulars*, or *circumstantial detail*. Often so. See *The Merchant of Venice*, page 15, note 1.
[3] *Expedition* in the same sense as *expedient*, a little before; *speed* or *swiftness*.
[4] *Under-wrought* for *undermined*; supplanted by *underhand* practices.

Which died in Geffrey;[1] and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,
And his is Geffrey's:[2] in the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe[3] the crown that thou o'ermasterest?
K. JOHN. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer to thy articles?
K. PHI. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And by whose help I mean to chástise it.
K. JOHN. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.
K. PHI. Excuse,—it is to beat usurping down.
ELI. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?
CONST. Let me make answer;—thy usurping son.
ELI. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world![4]
CONST. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.[5]

[1] This miniature contains, in little, that which died large, or full-grown, in Geffrey. *Abstract* here means the same as *brief* in the next clause.

[2] Meaning that whatever was Geffrey's is now his, that is, Arthur's. The sense would be clearer if the order of the words were inverted. See Critical Notes.

[3] *Owe* for *own*, *possess*; continually so in Shakespeare.

[4] 'The allusion,' says Staunton, 'is obviously to the *Queen* of the chess-board, which, in this country, was invested with those remarkable powers that rendered her by far the most powerful piece of the game, somewhere about the second decade of the sixteenth century.'

[5] Elinor was first married to Louis VII. of France, and was divorced by him on a charge of infidelity. Afterwards, in 1151, she was married to Henry II. of England, by whom she became the mother of Richard, Geffrey, and John. It is to these stains in her history that Constance refers. Pretty sharp taunting!

ELI. There 's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
CONST. There 's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
AUST. Peace!
BAST. Hear the crier.[1]
AUST. What the Devil art thou?
BAST. One that will play the Devil, sir, with you,
And 'a may catch your hide and you alone:[2]
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:[3]
I 'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to 't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.
BLANCH. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!
BAST. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' does upon an ass:—
But, ass, I 'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.
AUST. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?—
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.
K. PHI. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very sum of all,
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. JOHN. My life as soon! I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I 'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

[1] Alluding to the order for silence proclaimed by criers in courts of justice. The Bastard is baiting Austria.

[2] What most of all kindles the wrath of Falconbridge against Austria is, that the latter, after having caused the death of King Richard, now wears the lion's hide which had belonged to that prince. In the old play Falconbridge is made to exclaim, 'My father's foe clad in my father's spoyle!'—The 'a in this line is an old colloquialism for *he* or *she*, much used in the Poet's time. So in the preceding scene: 'The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out,' etc.

[3] This proverb is met with in the *Adagia* of Erasmus: 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.' So in *The Spanish Tragedy*: 'So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.'—*Smoke*, in the next line, is an old provincialism for to *cudgel*, to *drub*, or *thrash*. So Cotgrave's *Dictionary*: '*L'en* auray, —blowes being understood,—I shall be well beaten; my skin-coat will be soundly curried.' This explanation is Halliwell's.

ELI. Come to thy grandam, child.
CONST. Do, child, go to it'[1] grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
ARTH. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil[2] that 's made for me.
ELI. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
CONST. Now shame upon you, whêr she does or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
ELI. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and Earth!
CONST. Thou monstrous injurer of Heaven and Earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressèd boy, thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removèd from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. JOHN. Bedlam, have done.
CONST. I have but this to say,
That he 's not only plaguèd for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removèd issue;—plagued for her,
And with[3] her plagued; her sin his injury;

[1] Shakespeare has many instances of *it* used possessively, for *its*, which was not then an accepted word. In such cases, modern editors generally, and justly, print *its* instead of *it*. The text, however, should probably pass as an exception to the rule, since, as Lettsom remarks, 'Constance here is evidently mimicking the imperfect babble of the nursery.' Doubtless we have all heard *it* so used in 'baby talk.'

[2] *Coil* is *bustle, tumult*, or *fuss*. Often so. *Much Ado About Nothing*, page 82, note 3.

[3] Shakespeare often uses *with* where the present idiom requires *by*; as in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2: 'Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, *with* traitors.' —Constance still has in mind the words of the second Commandment, 'visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children until the third and fourth generation.' And she means, that Arthur not only suffers in

Her injury the beadle[1] to her sin:
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her. A plague upon her!
ELI. Thou unadvisèd[2] scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
CONST. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a canker'd[3] grandam's will!
K. PHI. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim[4]
To these ill-tunèd repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens *upon the walls.*

FIRST CIT. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. PHI. 'Tis France, for England.
K. JOHN. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. PHI. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—
K. JOHN. For our advantage; therefore hear us first.
These flags of France, that are advancèd here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege

consequence of Elinor's crime, or on her account, but is also plagued by her, as the direct agent or instrument of his sufferings.

[1] The *beadle* is the officer who executes the sentence of the court upon persons condemned. The meaning is, that Elinor's sin draws evil upon Arthur, and that her sin is moreover the executioner of that evil.

[2] *Unadvised* here means *inconsiderate*, *reckless*, or *rash*. So the Poet often has *advised* for *considerate* or *careful*. So *unadvised* in the preceding scene: 'Lest *unadvised* you stain your swords with blood.' See, also, *Richard III.*, page 102, note 1.

[3] Here *canker'd* probably means *malignant*; as in *cancer*, a malignant sore. See *The Tempest*, page 73, note 5.

[4] To *cry aim* was a term in archery, meaning to *encourage* or *instigate*. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, page 44, note 1.

And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance[1]
By this time from their fixèd beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful King,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your King; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens[2] before your town;
Being no further enemy to you
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressèd child
Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owes[3] it, namely, this young Prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspéct, have all offence seal'd up;

[1] *Ordinance* for *ordnance*. The Poet uses it so, where the verse wants a trisyllable.—*Dishabited*, second line below, is *dislodged*.
[2] '*Greens* for *plants*, or vegetation in general,' says Walker.
[3] *Owes* for *owns*, while *owe*, in the preceding line, has the present meaning of that word.

Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessèd and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But, if you fondly pass our proffer'd peace,
'Tis not the rondure[1] of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

First Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge, then, the King and let me in.

First Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. —To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. —Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Phi. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since

[1] *Rondure* is *circle* or *girdle*; from the French *rondeur*.—*Fondly*, line before, is *foolishly*; a common usage.

Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,[1]
Teach us some fence!—[*To* Aust.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar!

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To* Louis.] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!
[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French* Kings, *etc.*

After excursions, enter a French Herald, *with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's King and yours.

Enter an English Herald, *with trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your King and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day:
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;[2]

[1] Pictures of Saint George armed and mounted, as when he overthrew the Dragon, were used for innkeepers' signs.

[2] The phrase *gilded* or *gilt with blood* was common. So in Chapman's *Iliad*, book xvi.: 'The curets from great Hector's breast all *gilded* with his *gore*.'

There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removèd by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:[1]
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

FIRST CIT. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censuréd:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Re-enter, on one side, KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, *the* Bastard, Lords, *and Forces; on the other,* KING PHILIP, LOUIS, AUSTRIA, *and Forces.*

K. JOHN. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. PHI. England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

[1] It appears that, at the conclusion of a deer-hunt, the huntsmen used to stain their hands with the blood of the deer as a trophy.

BAST. Ha, Majesty! how high thy glory[1] towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O now doth Death line his dead chops with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing[2] the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.—
Why stand these royal fronts amazèd thus?
Cry *havoc*,[3] Kings! back to the stainèd field,
You equal-potent, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. JOHN. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. PHI. Speak, citizens, for England; who 's your King?
FIRST CIT. The King of England, when we know the King.
K. PHI. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. JOHN. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
FIRST CIT. A greater Power than ye denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;
King'd of our fears,[4] until our fears, resolved,[5]
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
BAST. By Heaven, these scroyles[6] of Angiers flout you, Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:

[1] *Glory* for *glorying*, that is, *vaunting*; one of the senses of the Latin *gloria*. A frequent usage.

[2] To *mouse* is to *tear in pieces*, or to *devour eagerly*. So in Dekker's *Wonderful Year*, 1603: 'Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and *mousing* fat venison, the mad Greeks made bonfires of their houses.' See, also, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, page 70, note 1.

[3] Crying *havoc!* in battle was a signal for indiscriminate massacre, or for giving no quarter.

[4] '*King'd of* our fears' is the same as *ruled by* our fears. We have a like expression in *King Henry V.*, ii. 3: 'For, my good liege, she [England] is so idly *king'd*.'

[5] I am not quite sure as to the sense of *resolved* here. Sometimes the word, in Shakespeare, means to *inform*, *assure*, or *satisfy*; sometimes to *melt* or *dissolve*. The latter seems to accord best with the sense of *purged* and *deposed*.

[6] *Scroyles* is *scurvy rogues*; from the French *escrouelles*.

Do like the mutines[1] of Jerusalem,
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing[2] clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfencèd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?[3]
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. JOHN. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

BAST. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
And, when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why, then defy each other, and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves, for Heaven or Hell.

K. PHI. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. JOHN. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

[1] *Mutines* for *mutineers*; as in *Hamlet*, v. 2: 'Methought I lay worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes.' The allusion is probably to the combination of the civil factions in Jerusalem when the city was threatened by Titus.

[2] Soul-*appalling*. The Poet often uses the verb to *fear* in the sense of *making afraid* or *scaring*. See *Measure for Measure*, page 24, note 2.

[3] *States* here may be equivalent to *thrones*, the *chairs of state* being put for the *occupiers* of them. Sometimes *state* is used for *person of high rank*; as in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4: 'Kings, queens, and *states*.'—The meaning of the next line appears to be, 'Is there not some smack of policy, or of *politic shrewdness*, in this counsel?'

Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunders from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Bast. [*aside.*] O prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!
First Cit. Hear us, great Kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,
And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league:
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is niece to England:[1] look upon the years
Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, then say he is not she;
And she, again, wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be, but that she is not he:[2]
He is the half part of a blessèd man,
Left to be finishèd by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two Princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can

[1] Blanch was in fact daughter to Alphonso IX., King of Castile, and niece to King John by his sister Eleanor.

[2] The sense appears to be, 'And she, again, wants nothing, but that she is not he; if there be any thing wanting in her, and if it be right to speak of want in connection with her.'

To our fast-closèd gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion;[1] no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

BAST. Here's a flaw,[2]
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon, fire and smoke and bounce;[3]
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his
But buffets better than a fist of France:
Zounds, I was never so bethump'd with words
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

ELI. [*aside to* JOHN.] Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
Thy now-unsured assurance to the crown,
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls

[1] If the text be right, the meaning is, 'Lions are *not* more confident, *nor* mountains and rocks more free from motion.'

[2] *Flaw*, in one of its senses, signifies a violent gust of wind. So in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: 'A *flaw* of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth.' Shakespeare has it repeatedly so; as in *Coriolanus*, v. 3: 'Like a great sea-mark, standing every *flaw*, and saving those that eye thee.'

[3] *Bounce* is the old word for the report of a gun, the same as our *bang*. So in 2 *Henry the Fourth*, iii. 2: 'There was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say; *bounce* would 'a say; and away again would 'a go,' etc.—To *give the bastinado* is to beat with a cudgel; the same as to *baste*, or to *give a basting*.

Are capable[1] of this ambition,
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
FIRST CIT. Why answer not the double Majesties
This friendly trèaty of our threaten'd town?
K. PHI. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city:—what say you?
K. JOHN. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read *I love*,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea—
Except this city now by us besieged—
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.
K. PHI. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.
LOU. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wonderous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest I never loved myself,
Till now infixèd I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table[2] of her eye.
[*Whispers with* BLANCH.
BAST. [*aside.*] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there should be
In such a love so vile a lout as he.
BLANCH. My uncle's will in this respect is mine:
If he see aught in you that makes him like,

[1] *Capable* here is equivalent to *susceptible*. So in the next scene: 'For I am sick, and *capable* of fears.' See, also, *Richard III.*, page 46, note 1.
[2] *Table* for the *board* or *canvas* on which a picture is made. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 14, note 4.

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will;
Or if you will, to speak more properly,
I will enforce it easily to my love.—
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I see in you is worthy love,
Than this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,
That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones?—What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak, then, Prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lou. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes[1] us well.—Young Princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first affied.[2]

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not; for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lou. She 's sad and passionate[3] at your Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadness very little cure.—

[1] *Likes* was continually used thus, in all sorts of writing, for *suits* or *pleases*.

[2] *Affied* is *betrothed* or *affianced*. See *The Taming*, page 78, note 2.

[3] *Passionate* here means *perturbed* or *agitated*. So in *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, 1600: 'Tell me, good madam, why is your Grace so *passionate* of late?'

Brother of England, how may we content
This widow'd lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. JOHN. We will heal up all;
For we 'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd-for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the* Bastard. *The* Citizens *retire from the walls.*

BAST. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed[1] with a part;
And France,—whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier,—rounded[2] in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker,[3] that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,[4]—
Commodity, the bias of the world;

[1] *Departed* in the sense of *parted*, the two being formerly synonymous. See *Love's Labours Lost*, page 24, note 1.

[2] To *round*, or *rown*, was sometimes used for to *whisper*. So in *The Examination of William Thorpe*, 1407: 'And the archbishop called then to him a clerke, and *rowned* with him: and that clerke went forth, and soone brought in the constable of Saltwood castle, and the archbishop *rowned* a good while with him.' See also, *The Winter's Tale*, page 19, note 1.

[3] A *broker* was properly a *pander* or *pimp*; hence, sometimes, as here, a *dissembler* or *cheat*. See, *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 65, note 5.

[4] *Commodity* here is *advantage*, *profit*, or *interest*. So, in 2 *Henry IV.*, i. 2, Falstaff says, 'A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to *commodity*.'

The world, who of itself is peisèd[1] well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,[2]
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye[3] of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aim,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels[4] would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say, There is no sin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say, There is no vice but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord,—for I will worship thee! [*exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *France. The French* King's *Tent.*

Enter Constance, Arthur, *and* Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!

[1] *Peisèd* is *balanced* or *poised.* To *peise* is, properly, to *weigh.*
[2] *Indifferency* in the sense of *impartiality.* The world, swayed by interest, is compared to a biassed bowl, which is deflected from an impartial course by the load in one side.
[3] The allusion to the game of bowls is still kept up. Staunton says, 'The aperture on one side which contains the *bias* or weight that inclines the bowl, in running, from the direct course, was sometimes called the eye.'
[4] *Angel* was the name of a gold coin. See *The Merchant of Venice,* page 44. note 4.—The sense of the passage is, 'I rail at bribery, not because I have the virtue to keep my hand closed when a bribe tempts me to open it, but because I am as yet untempted.'

Shall Louis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:
I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And, though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,[1]
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,[2]
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SAL. As true as I believe you think them false
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONST. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die!—
Louis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

[1] To *take truce* is old language for to *make peace*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1: 'Could not *take truce* with the unruly spleen of Tybalt deaf to peace.'

[2] *Lamentable* for *lamenting*; the passive form with the active sense, according to the old usage which I have often noted. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, page 36, note 3.—*Rheum* was used indifferently for tears, and for the secretions of the nose and mouth.

SAL. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?
CONST. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.
ARTH. I do beseech you, madam, be content.
CONST. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless[1] stains,
Lame, foolish, crookèd, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
And with the half-blown rose: but Fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
SAL. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.
CONST. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.[2]

[1] *Sightless* for *unsightly*. The Poet has a like use of several other words; as in *King Richard II.*, iv. 1: 'The bloody office of his *timeless* end.'—*Swart*, in the next line, is *dark* or *swarthy*, and *prodigious* in the sense of *misshapen* or *monstrous*.

[2] *Stout* in a moral sense; that is, *proud*.—'Distress,' says Johnson, 'while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible; but, when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded.'

To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm Earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*seats herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LOUIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, *the* Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. PHI. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessèd day
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious Sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

CONST. [*rising.*] A wicked day, and not a holy day!
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?[1]
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:[2]
But[3] on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. PHI. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

CONST. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;

[1] 'High *tides* of the calendar' are *times* set down in the almanac to be specially observed; days marked for public honour and celebration.
[2] Lest their hopes be frustrated by monstrous births.
[3] *But* in the exceptive sense; from *be out.*

You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured Kings!
A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured Kings!
Hear me, O, hear me!

AUST. Lady Constance, peace!

CONST. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Limoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool wert thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party![1] Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. O, that a man should[2] speak those words to me!

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

AUST. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. JOHN. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

K. PHI. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

[1] *Party* for *part*; that is, *side*. The two words were often used interchangeably. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 56, note 1.

[2] *Should* for *would*; the two being often used indiscriminately. Constance means that Austria is a coward, and that a calf's-skin would fit him better than a lion's.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

PAND. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and, force perforce,[1]
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. JOHN. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?[2]
Thou canst not, Cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
So, under Him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.[3]

K. PHI. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. JOHN. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;
Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,

[1] *Forcc* and *perforce* were often thus used together, merely to intensify the expression. Cotgrave explains it, 'of necessitie, will he nill he, in spite of his teeth.'

[2] The order is, 'What earthly name can task to interrogatories the free breath,' etc.; meaning, simply, 'what earthly power can hold a free king responsible, or call him to account?'

[3] 'All reverence to him and his usurp'd authority *being* set apart'; that is, cast off.

This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
PAND. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate:
And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canónizéd, and worshipp'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.
CONST. O, lawful let it be
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
PAND. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.
CONST. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
PAND. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
ELI. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
CONST. Look to that, devil; lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, Hell lose a soul.
AUST. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
BAST. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
AUST. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
BAST. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. JOHN. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?
CONST. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?
LOU. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

CONSTANCE. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard.

King John, Act III. Sc. 1.

Drawing by M. ADAMO.

BLANCH. That 's the curse of Rome.
CONST. O Louis, stand fast! the Devil tempts thee here
In likeness of a new-uptrimmèd bride.
BLANCH. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
CONST. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need!
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!
K. JOHN. The King is moved, and answers not to this.
CONST. O, be removed from him, and answer well!
AUST. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
BAST. Hang nothing but a calf 's-skin, most sweet lout.
K. PHI. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.
PAND. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?
K. PHI. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensèd kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,[1]
Unyoke this seizure and this kind regreet?[2]
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

[1] So strong both in *deeds of* blood and in *deeds of* love.
[2] *Regreet* here means interchange of salutation.

Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage-bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so!
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

PAND. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our Church!
Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,—
A mother's curse,—on her revolting son.
France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,
A chafèd lion by the mortal[1] paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. PHI. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PAND. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our Church!
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performèd by thyself:
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss
Is most amiss when it is truly done;
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it:[2]
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire
Within the scorchèd veins of one new-burn'd.[3]

[1] *Mortal* is *deadly*, that which *kills*. Commonly so in Shakespeare. The venom of serpents, or snakes, was formerly supposed to be seated in the tongue; and snakes in general were held to be poisonous.

[2] A specimen of argument *in converso*. 'On the one hand, the wrong which you have sworn to do, is most wrong when your oath is truly performed; on the other hand, when a proposed act tends to ill, the truth is most done by leaving the act undone.'

[3] The Poet has several references to the mode of curing a burn by holding the burnt place up to the fire. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2: 'Tut,

It is religion that doth make vows kept:
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By which thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And makest an oath—the surety for thy truth—
Against an oath,—the test thou art unsure.[1]
Who swears, swears only not to be forsworn;
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.[2]
Therefore thy later vow against thy first
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself;
And better conquest never canst thou make
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy-loose suggestions:[3]
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but if not, then know
The peril of our curses light[4] on thee,
So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

AUST. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

BAST. Will 't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

LOU. Father, to arms!

BLANCH. Upon thy wedding-day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums—
Clamours of Hell—be measures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee, I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

man, one fire burns out another's burning.' And in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1: 'As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.'

[1] 'By which *act*, thou swearest against the thing thou swearest *by*; and, by setting an oath against an oath, thou makest that which is the surety for thy truth the proof that thou art untrue.' See Critical Notes.

[2] That is, '*in keeping* that which thou dost swear.' An instance of the infinitive used gerundively. See *Measure for Measure*, page 49, note 3.

[3] *Suggestions*, as usual in Shakespeare, for *temptations* or *seductions*. See *The Tempest*, page 44, note 1.

[4] An instance of false concord; the verb agreeing with the nearest substantive, *curses*, instead of with the proper subject, *peril*.

CONST. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven!
BLANCH. Now shall I see thy love: what motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
CONST. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour:—O, thine honour, Louis, thine honour!
LOU. I muse[1] your Majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.
PAND. I will denounce a curse upon his head.
K. PHI. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.
CONST. O fair return of banish'd majesty!
ELI. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!
K. JOHN. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
BAST. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.
BLANCH. The Sun 's o'ercast with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the side that I must go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder and dismember me.—
Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;—
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;—
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;—
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:—
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assurèd loss before the match be play'd.
LOU. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.
BLANCH. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
K. JOHN. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—
[*Exit* Bastard.
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay 't, nothing but blood,—
The best and dearest-valued blood of France.

[1] *Muse* for *wonder*. Often so.—*Respects*, in the next line, is *considerations*; a frequent usage. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, page 36, note 2.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.
K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let 's hie!
[*Exeunt, severally, the English and French* Kings, *etc.*

Scene II. *The Same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter the Bastard, *with* Austria's *head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.—Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep thou this boy.—Philip, make up:[1]
My mother is assailèd in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.
Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*exeunt.*

Scene III. *The Same. Another Part of the Plains.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, *the* Bastard, Hubert, *and* Lords.

K. John. [*to* Elinor.] So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,
More strongly guarded.—[*To* Arthur.] Cousin, look not sad:

[1] *Make up* is an old military term for *advance.*—Here John calls the Bastard Philip, notwithstanding he has knighted him as Sir Richard, and has before called him by the latter name.

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
ARTH. O, this will make my mother die with grief!
K. JOHN. [*to the* Bast.] Cousin, away for England; haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty
Imprison'd angels:[1] the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry war be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.
BAST. Bell, book, and candle[2] shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your Highness.—Grandam, I will pray—
If ever I remember to be holy—
For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.
ELI. Farewell, gentle cousin.
K. JOHN. Coz, farewell. [*Exit* Bastard.
ELI. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*Takes* ARTHUR *aside.*
K. JOHN. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherishéd.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By Heaven, Hubert, I 'm almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
HUB. I am much bounden to your Majesty.
K. JOHN. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:
But thou shalt have; and, creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The Sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

[1] The gold coin so named. See page 34, note 4.
[2] Alluding to the old forms used in pronouncing the final curse of excommunication. On such occasions, the bishop and clergy went into the church, with a cross borne before them, and with several waxen tapers lighted. At the climax of the cursing, the tapers were extinguished, with a prayer that the soul of the excommunicate might be 'given over utterly to the power of the fiend, as this candle is now quenched and put out.' What with these things, and what with the tolling of bells and the using of books, it was an appalling ceremony.

Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton and too full of gauds
To give me audience: if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one[1] into the drowsy ear of night;
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes;
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded[2] watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

HUB. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven, I'd do't.

K. JOHN. Do not I know thou wouldst?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

HUB. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty

K. JOHN. Death.

[1] There is an apparent discrepancy here between *midnight* and *sound one*. But such notes of inexactness were not uncommon in all sorts of writing. So in *The Famous History of Doctor Faustus*, quoted by Dyce: 'It happened that, betweene twelve and *one* a clocke at *midnight*, there blew a mighty storme of winde against the house.'

[2] *Brooded* for *brooding*, under the old indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. See *The Tempest*, page 79, note 2.—Milton has a like expression in his *L'Allegro*: 'Find out some uncouth cell, where *brooding* darkness spreads his jealous wings.'

HUB. My lord?
K. JOHN. A grave.
HUB. He shall not live.
K. JOHN. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty.
ELI. My blessing go with thee!
K. JOHN. For England, cousin, go:
Hubert shall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho! [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. The French* King's *Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LOUIS, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. PHI. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convented[1] sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.
PAND. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. PHI. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?
LOU. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed with such advice[2] disposed,
Such temperate order in so fierce a course,
Doth want example: who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. PHI. Well could I bear that England had this praise.
So we could find some pattern of our shame.
Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;

[1] *Convented* is *assembled* or *collected.*—*Armado* is a fleet of war. The word was adopted from the Spanish, and was made familiar to English ears by the defeat of the Armada.

[2] *Advice* here is *judgment* or *consideration.* Often so. See *The Merchant of Venice,* page 88, note 1.

Holding th' eternal[1] spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—

Enter CONSTANCE.

I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
CONST. Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!
K. PHI. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
CONST. No, I defy[2] all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust;
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!
K. PHI. O fair affliction, peace!
CONST. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a mother's invocation.
PAND. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
CONST. Thou art unholy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad: I would to Heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

[1] *Eternal* for *immortal*. So in *Othello*, iii. 3: 'By the worth of man's *eternal* soul.'—'The vile prison of afflicted breath' is the body, of course.
[2] To *refuse* or *reject* is among the old senses of to *defy*.

And thou shalt be canónized, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason[1]
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts[2] were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.[3]
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in Heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious[4] creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;

[1] *Reason* in the sense of *reasoning* or *consideration*.

[2] 'A babe of clouts' is simply a *doll*, or a *rag-baby*.

[3] It is not very apparent what Constance means by these words, or what object she is addressing. Perhaps, as Staunton suggests, she 'apostrophizes her hair, as she madly tears it from its bonds.'

[4] *Gracious* in the sense of *graceful* or *lovely*. So, again, in 'all his *gracious* parts,' a little after.—The sense of the next line is, that sorrow, *like a canker-worm*, will eat the bud, etc. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1: 'As is the bud bit with an envious worm.' See *The Tempest*, page 30, note 1.

And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague-fit:
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of Heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
PAND. You hold too heinous a respect[1] of grief.
CONST. He talks to me that never had a son.
K. PHI. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
CONST. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.[2]
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*dishevelling her hair.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.—
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*exit.*
K. PHI. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*exit.*
LOU. There 's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale[3]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
PAND. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
LOU. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

[1] *Respect* in the sense of *favour* or *regard*. 'Such a perverse and wilful cherishing of grief is a heinous wrong.'

[2] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness.—JOHNSON.

[3] So in Psalm xc.: 'For when Thou art angry all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were *a tale that is told*.'

PAND. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?
LOU. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
PAND. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,[1]
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain one hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he that stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice[2] of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
LOU. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
PAND. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
LOU. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
PAND. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;
For he that steeps his safety in true blood[3]
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.
This act, so evilly borne,[4] shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,

[1] *Rub* was a term at bowls, for *hindrance, obstruction*, any thing that turned the bowl from its aim. See *Love's Labours Lost*, page 41, note 1.
[2] To *make nice* is to *be scrupulous*, to *stick at*. So the Poet uses *nice* repeatedly. And we still say, he *makes no scruple* of doing so and so.
[3] *True blood* here means the blood of the true, that is, just or rightful, claimant of the crown. The Poet has several instances of *blood* put for *person*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3: 'I know young *bloods* look for a time of rest.'
[4] *Evilly borne* is *wickedly carried on* or *performed*. The Poet often uses to *bear* in this sense. In what follows, *shall* for *will*. Often so.

That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
No natural exhalation[1] in the sky,
No scape of Nature,[2] no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no customèd event,
But they will pluck away his[3] natural cause,
And call them meteors,[4] prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, présages, and tongues of Heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

LOU. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

PAND. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted[5] change;
And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I see this hurly[6] all on foot:
And, O, what better matter breeds for you

[1] The Poet sometimes uses *exhalation* in a way that seems strange to us. So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1: 'The èxhalations, whizzing in the air, give so much light that I may read by them.' As this is said amidst a fierce thunder-storm at night, *exhalations* must mean flashes of lightning. And such, or something such, may well be the meaning in the text.

[2] '*Scape* of Nature' may well mean any irregularity in the course of things, or any event which, though natural, is uncommon enough to excite particular notice, such as a 'distemper'd day,' or an 'exhalation in the sky.' So the Poet has ''scapes of wit' for *sallies*, *flights*, or *frolics* of wit. And so Nature may be said to have her frolics, sometimes merry, and sometimes mad; her weather, for instance, sometimes plays very wild pranks. It is observable that in the text we have a sort of climax proceeding from things less common to things more and more common.

[3] *His* for *its*, referring to *event*. The form *its*, though repeatedly used by Shakespeare, especially in his later plays, had not then the stamp of English currency. See page , note . Also *The Comedy of Errors*, page 14, note 1.—The Poet seems to have been specially fond of the word *pluck* for *pull*, *tear*, *wrench*, *jerk*, or *draw*.

[4] *Meteor* was used in much the same way as *exhalation*, only it bore a more ominous or ill-boding sense; any strikingly black or any strikingly brilliant phenomenon in the heavens. So in 1 *Henry the Fourth*, v. 1: 'And be no more an *exhaled meteor*, a prodigy of fear, and a portent of broachèd mischief to the unborn times.' Also in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5: 'Yon light is not day-light: it is some *meteor* that the Sun *exhales*.' And in v. 2 of this play: 'Makes me more amazed than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven figured quite o'er with burning meteors.'—*Abortives* are monstrous births, whether of man or beast, which were thought to portend calamities and disasters.

[5] *Unacquainted* for *unaccustomed* or *extraordinary*.

[6] *Hurly* is *tumult*, *commotion*; like *hurly-burly*.

Than I have named! The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call[1]
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain.[2] O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their souls are topful of offence:
For England go: I will whet on the King.

Lou. Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:
If you say ay, the King will not say no. [*exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *Northampton. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Hubert *and two* Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look you stand
Within the arras:[3] when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

[1] An allusion to the reed, or pipe, termed a *bird-call*; or to the practice of bird-catchers, who, in laying their nets, place a caged bird over them, which they term the *call*-bird or bird-*call*, to lure the wild birds to the snare.—Staunton.

[2] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.*, speaking of Simnel's march, remarks that their *snowball* did not gather as it went.

[3] *Arras* were the hangings or tapestries with which rooms were lined, before the days of plastering. To keep them from being rotted by the damp, they were hung on frames, far enough from the walls to admit of a person's hiding behind them.

ARTH. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more[1] prince, as may be. You are sad.
HUB. Indeed, I have been merrier.
ARTH. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness.[2] By my christendom,[3]
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt[4]
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
HUB. [*aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.
ARTH. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth,[5] I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
HUB. [*aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur.— [*showing a paper.*
[*Aside.*] How, now, foolish rheum![6]
Turning dispiteous[7] torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is't not fairly writ?
ARTH. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

[1] *More* for *greater*, again. See page 16, note 3.
[2] This fashionable affectation is ridiculed by Lyly in his *Midas*: 'Now every base companion, being in his *muble-fubles*, says he is *melancholy*.'
[3] *Christendom* for *christening* or *baptism*. The usage was common. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 17, note 5.
[4] *Doubt* in the sense of *fear* or *suspect*; a frequent usage.—*Practises*, in the next line, is *contrives*, *plots*, or *uses arts*. Repeatedly so.
[5] In *truth* or *truly*. This use of *sooth* occurs very often.
[6] *Rheum*, again, for *tears*. See page 35, note 2.
[7] *Dispiteous* for *unpiteous*, that is, *pitiless*.—In the next line, *brief* is *quick*, *prompt*, or *sudden*. Often so.

HUB. Young boy, I must.
ARTH. And will you?
HUB. And I will.
ARTH. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,—
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,—
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,[1]
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service[2] had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if[3] you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you?
HUB. I've sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
ARTH. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat[4] red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the water of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an Angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.
HUB. Come forth! [*stamps.*

[1] That is, as the minutes watch over, or mark, the progress or passage of the hour. A pretty way of expressing a minute and sedulous attention. —'*Still* and anon,' in the next line, is the same as our '*ever* and anon.'

[2] *Sick service* is of course merely an instance of what is called transferred epithet: service *done to the sick.*

[3] *An if* is an old reduplication much used in the Poet's time. So we have *an*, or *if*, or *an if*, used indifferently.

[4] *Heat* for *heated*, as, before, *waft* for *wafted*. See page 18, note 1.

ARTHUR. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!

King John, Act IV. Sc. I.

Drawing by M. ADAMO.

Re-enter Attendants, *with cord, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.
ARTH. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
HUB. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.
ARTH. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven-sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
HUB. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
FIRST ATTEND. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.
ARTH. Alas, I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
HUB. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
ARTH. Is there no remedy?
HUB. None, but to lose your eyes.
ARTH. O Heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous[1] there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
HUB. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
ARTH. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

[1] *Boisterous* was used much more variously than at present; as a common antithesis to *gentle*, and so for *rough, rude, violent*, etc.

HUB. I can heat it, boy.
ARTH. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes:[1] see else yourself;
There is no malice burning in this coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
HUB. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
ARTH. An if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre[2] him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
HUB. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
ARTH. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguisèd.
HUB. Peace; no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless[3] and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
ARTH. O Heaven! I thank you, Hubert.
HUB. Silence; no more: go closely[4] in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*exeunt.*

[1] *Extremities*, or *extreme severities*, that are unmerited. Johnson paraphrases the passage as follows: 'The fire, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.'

[2] To *tarre* is to incite, to instigate, as in setting on dogs. So in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: 'The nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to the controversy.' Also in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3: 'Pride must *tarre* the mastiffs on.'

[3] *Doubtless* for *fearless*, as *doubt* for *fear* a little before.

[4] *Closely* is *secretly*; a frequent usage. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: 'For we have *closely* sent for Hamlet hither.' So we have 'keep *close*,' and 'stand *close*,' for any furtive or hidden act.

Scene II. *The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter King John, *crowned;* Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other* Lords. The King *takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your Highness pleased,
Was once superfluous :[1] you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stainèd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard[2] a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfiguréd;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.[3]
Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

[1] 'Once *superfluous*' means once *more* than enough.
[2] To *guard* is to *face*, or *ornament with facings*. See *The Merchant of Venice*, page 34, note 1.
[3] Properly, 'so new-fashion'd a robe.' The Poet has many such inversions for metre's sake. See *The Tempest*, page 70, note 3.

They do confound their skill in covetousness;[1]
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

SAL. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your Highness
To overbear't; and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your Highness will.

K. JOHN. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEM. Then I—as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound[2] the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies—heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,[3]
Why should your fears—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong—then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions,[4] let it be our suit,

[1] *Covetousness* here means over-*eager desire of excelling*. Bacon, in like sort, distinguishes between the love of *excelling* and the love of *excellence*, and ascribes the failures of certain men to the former.

[2] To *sound*, as the word is here used, is to *speak* or *express*.

[3] That is, 'if you rightly hold that which you are possessed of.'

[4] 'That they may not have this to urge in behalf of, or for giving plausibility to, *alleged* occasions'; that is, occasions *of revolt*.

That you have bid us ask, his liberty;[1]
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.
K. JOHN. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter HUBERT; *whom* KING JOHN *takes aside.*

Hubert, what news with you?
PEM. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspéct[2] of his
Does show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
SAL. The colour of the King doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,[3]
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles sent:[4]
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.
PEM. And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.
K. JOHN. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.[5]
SAL. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

[1] The order, according to the sense, is, 'let his liberty be our suit, that you have bid us ask.' The language would be better with *make* instead of *ask*. To *ask a suit* is hardly English.

[2] *Close aspect* is look of secrecy, of concealment, or of keeping dark. See page 58, note 4.

[3] Between his wicked purpose and his conscience of right. Hubert gives the King to understand that his order for Arthur's death has been performed.—Perhaps I should note here, that in Shakespeare's time *conscience* was used as a dissyllable or trisyllable indifferently, as prosody might require. Here it is properly a trisyllable. The same was the case with *patience*, and other like words. And we have, in this play, many instances of words ending in *-tion* or *-sion*, where that ending is properly dissyllabic; as in 'Startles and frights *consideration*,' in this scene.

[4] Not betwixt two *battles*, in our sense of the word, but betwixt two *armies* drawn up in *battle array*. *Battle* was often used thus.

[5] *To-night* for *last night*, or the *past night*. See *The Merchant of Venice*, page 38, note 3.

PEM. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here or hence.
K. JOHN. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
SAL. It is apparent[1] foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.
PEM. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find th'inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot[2] of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out,
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.[3]

[*Exeunt* Lords.

K. JOHN. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye[4] thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?
MESS. From France to England.[5] Never such a power
For any foreign preparation
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy[6] of your speed is learn'd by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.

[1] *Apparent*, here, is *evident* or *manifest*. See *Richard III.*, page 49, note 4.

[2] In words denoting measurement of time, space, and quantity, the singular form is often used with the plural sense. So we have *year* for *years*, *mile* for *miles*, *pound* for *pounds*, and, as here, *foot* for *feet*. See *The Tempest*, page 15, note 1.

[3] *Doubt*, again, for *fear* or *suspect*. See page 55, note 4.

[4] 'A *fearful* eye' here means an eye *full of fear*; that is, *frightened*.

[5] The messenger plays upon *goes*; meaning, 'all in France now goes to England.'

[6] *Copy* in the sense of *example* or *pattern*. Often so.

K. JOHN. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's ear,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
MESS. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before; but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.
K. JOHN. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come those powers of France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?
MESS. Under the Dauphin.
K. JOHN. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—

Enter the Bastard *and* PETER OF POMFRET.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
BAST. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. JOHN. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
BAST. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here 's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety;[1] and return,
For I must use thee.— [*Exit* Hubert *with* Peter.
O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived? 160
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before. 170
O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout[2] invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.—
[*Exit* Bastard.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*exit.*
K. John. My mother dead! 181

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five Moons were seen to-night;

[1] *Safety* for *safe-keeping*, or *custody*.
[2] *Stout*, here, is *bold, proud*. See page 36, note 2.

Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.
K. JOHN. Five Moons!
HUB. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers,—which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,—
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattailéd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
K. JOHN. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
HUB. No had,[1] my lord! why, did you not provoke me?
K. JOHN. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.[2]
HUB. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.
K. JOHN. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

[1] *No had* is an ancient form of speech, equivalent to *had not*. This appears from various corresponding phrases in old writers, such as *no does, no did, no will*, etc.

[2] *Advised respect* is *deliberate judgment* or *consideration*. See page 44, note 1.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make ill deeds done! Hadst thou not then been by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted,[1] and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspéct,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

HUB. My lord,—

K. JOHN. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposéd,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in éxpress words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.[2]
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confíne of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reign
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

HUB. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine

[1] To *note* is among the old meanings of to *quote*. Shakespeare often has it so. See *All's Well that Ends Well*, page 102, note 3.

[2] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. This timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which he says that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *express* words would have *struck him dumb*; nothing is more certain than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges.—JOHNSON.

Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slander'd nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. JOHN. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensèd rage, 261
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul-imaginary eyes of blood
Presented[1] thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haste!
I cónjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. Before the Castle.*

Enter, on the walls, ARTHUR, *disguised as a Ship-boy.*

ARTH. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There 's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I 'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay. [*leaps down.*
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones! [*dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

SAL. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-Bury: 11
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

[1] *Presented* for *represented.* Repeatedly so.

PEM. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
SAL. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private[1] with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.
BIG. To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.
SAL. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er[2] we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. Once more to-day well-met, distemper'd[3] lords!
The King by me requests your presence straight.
SAL. The King hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his sin-bestainèd cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.
BAST. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
SAL. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason[4] now.
BAST. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.
PEM. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
BAST. 'Tis true,—to hurt his master, no man else.
SAL. This is the prison. What is he lies here?

[*Seeing* ARTHUR.

PEM. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
SAL. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
BIG. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
SAL. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,

[1] *Private* here may mean *secret information* or *personal conference*. But I suspect the text is wrong. See Critical Notes.
[2] *Or ever* was a common phrase for *before*. See *The Tempest*, page 13, note 3.
[3] *Distemper'd* in the sense of *angry* or *out of temper*. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 2: 'The King, sir, is, in his retirement, marvellous *distemper'd*.'
[4] *Reason* for *talk* or *converse*. Often so. See *Richard III.*, page 110, note 2.

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed[1] wrath or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.[2]
PEM. All murders past do stand excused in this:
And this, so sole and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampled by this heinous spectacle.
BAST. It is a damnèd and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,—
If that it be the work of any hand.
SAL. If that it be the work of any hand!
We had a kind of light what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the King:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
PEM. } Our souls religiously confirm thy words.
BIG. }

Enter HUBERT.

HUB. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you.

[1] *Wall-eyed* is 'having eyes with a white or pale-gray iris,—glaring-eyed, fierce-eyed.' So says Dyce; and quotes from Cotgrave 'A Whall, over-white eye. *Oeil de chevre.*' And the author of *The Dialect of Craven*, after quoting Shakespeare's '*wall-eyed* wrath,' says, 'It frequently happens that, when a person is in an excessive passion, a large portion of the white of the eye is visible. This confirms the propriety and force of the above expression.'

[2] *Remorse* is *pity* or *compassion*. Generally so in the Poet's time.

SAL. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
HUB. I am no villain.
SAL. [*drawing his sword.*] Must I rob the law?
BAST. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
SAL. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
HUB. Stand back, Lord Salisbury,—stand back, I say;
By Heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;[1]
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
BIG. Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?
HUB. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
SAL. Thou art a murderer.
HUB. Do not prove me so;[2]
Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
PEM. Cut him to pieces.
BAST. Keep the peace, I say.
SAL. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Falconbridge.
BAST. Thou wert better gall the Devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the Devil is come from Hell.
BIG. What wilt thou do, renownèd Falconbridge?
Second a villain and a murderer?
HUB. Lord Bigot, I am none.
BIG. Who kill'd this Prince?
HUB. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
SAL. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem

[1] '*True* defence' is *honest* defence; that is, defence in a just cause.
[2] Meaning, 'Do not prove me a murderer by forcing or provoking me to kill you.'—*Yet*, in the next line, has the force of *as yet*.

Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.
BIG. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!
PEM. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.
BAST. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
HUB. Do but hear me, sir:—
BAST. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
Thou 'rt damn'd as black[1]—nay, nothing is so black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of Hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
HUB. Upon my soul,—
BAST. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
HUB. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let Hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
BAST. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!

[1] Staunton thinks the Poet may here have had in mind the old religious plays of Coventry, wherein *the damned souls have their faces blackened.* Sharp, in his account of these performances, speaking of White and Black Souls, says that these characters are sometimes 'denominated *savyd* and *dampnyd Sowles*, instead of white and black.'

From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to Heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scamble,[1] and to part by th' teeth
Th' unowèd[2] interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth doggèd war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast[3] confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wasted pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture[4] can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land. [*exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Northampton. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and* Attendants.

K. JOHN. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

PAND. [*giving him the crown.*] Take 't again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. JOHN. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.[5]

[1] To *scamble* is much the same as to *ruffle*, to *swagger*; to carry one's point by turbulence and bravado. See *Much Ado About Nothing*, page 72, note 4.

[2] *Unowed* for *unowned*. The unowned interest is the interest not now *legally* possessed by any one.

[3] *Vast* in the sense of the Latin *vastus*; that is, *empty* or *waste*. Sometimes it appears to mean *wasting* or *devastating*; as in *King Henry V.*, ii. 3: 'The poor souls for whom this hungry war opens his *vasty* jaws.'

[4] *Cincture* is *belt* or *girdle*.

[5] *Inflamed* here means *on fire* or *in conflagration*; as in Chapman's *Iliad*, book viii.: 'We should have made retreate by light of the *inflamèd* fleet.'

Our discontented counties[1] do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time 's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PAND. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,[2]
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*exit.*

K. JOHN. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

BAST. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. JOHN. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BAST. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

[1] *Counties* probably refers not to geographical divisions, but to the peers or nobles; *county* being a common title of nobility.

[2] *Convertite* in its old ecclesiastical sense, for one who, having relapsed, has been recovered. See *As You Like It*, page 94, note 4.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure[1] further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.
K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton,[2] brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;

[1] *Displeasure*, to make it harmonise with the context, must here be taken as equivalent to *enmity* or *hostility*; the sense of the passage being, 'Rush forth to hunt and dare the foe, as a hungry lion does to seek his prey.' See Critical Notes.

[2] 'A cocker'd silken wanton' is a pampered, finely-tailored milksop.—To *flesh*, as the word is here used, is to *elate*, *embolden*, or *make eager* for fighting; just as we use *flushed*. The Poet has *fleshment* in the same sense.

Or, if he do, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
K. JOHN. Have thou the ordering of this present time.
BAST. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Near St. Edmund's-Bury. The French Camp.*

Enter, in arms, LOUIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and* Soldiers.

LOU. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent[1] to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefóre we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
SAL. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and únurged faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker! O, and there
Where honourable rescue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.—
And is 't not pity, O my grievèd friends,

[1] The *precedent* is the *original draft* of the treaty. So, in *King Richard III.*, iii. 6, the Scrivener employed to copy out the indictment of Hastings, says, 'Eleven hours I have spent to write it over; the *precedent* was full as long a-doing.'

That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger-march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforcèd[1] cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth[2] thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to-spend[3] it so unneighbourly!

Lou. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect![4]
Let me wipe off this honourable dew
That silverly doth progress[5] on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,

[1] *Spot* is *stain*, *blot*, or *disgrace*. Salisbury thinks it, as he well may, a foul dishonour thus to side with the invader of his country; and the conscience of duty, or the sense of right outraged in the person of Arthur, which compels him to do so, naturally wrings him with grief. A hard alternative indeed!—*Enforced* is *enforcing*; another instance of the confusion of active and passive forms. See page 35, note 2.

[2] To *clip* is to *encircle* or *embrace*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 106, note 1.

[3] *To* is here used merely as an intensive prefix. The usage was common, and Shakespeare has it several times. See *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, page 76, note 1.

[4] Here, as usual, *respect* is *consideration*, *motive*, or *inducement*. See page 44, note 1.—*Brave* is *manly*, *honourable*, and so a fitting epithet of the national feeling which has struggled so hard for the mastery in Salisbury's breast.—*Compulsion* refers to the '*enforcing* cause' mentioned above in note 1.

[5] 'Shakespeare was guilty, according to cousin Bull, of an unmitigated Americanism in writing this line.' So says Mr. White. But I suspect he is a little off the track here. *Progress*, I take it, is a substantive, and *doth* is used as a principal verb, equivalent to *maketh*. So it still remains to be shown that using *progress* as a verb was English in Shakespeare's time.

Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes
That never saw the giant world enraged;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As Louis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.—
And even there, methinks, an Angel spake:[1]
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Enter PANDULPH, *attended.*

PAND. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd-up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in show.

LOU. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,[2]

[1] This is a strange passage. The Cambridge Editors note upon it as follows: 'Surely the close proximity of *purse*, *nobles*, and *angel*, shows that Shakespeare has here yielded to the fascination of a *jeu de mots*, which he was unable to resist, however unsuitable the occasion might be. The Dauphin, we may suppose, speaks *aside*, with an accent and gesture which mark his contempt for the mercenary allies whom he intends to get rid of as soon as may be.' It may be needful to add that *noble* and *angel* were names of English coins.

[2] To be used as a *chattel* or a *piece of property*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 76, note 3.

To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coals of war
Between this chástised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to[1] this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is 't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi! as I have bank'd their towns?[2]
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

PAND. You look but on the outside of this work.

LOU. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified
As to my ample hope was promiséd

[1] Such language was not uncommon. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, iii. 2: 'He hath more worthy interest *to* the state than thou.' And in Dugdale's *Warwickshire*: 'He hath a release from Rose, and all her interest *to* the manor of Pedimore.'

[2] This is commonly explained 'sailed along beside their towns upon the rivers' banks'; as we speak of *coasting* or *flanking*. But the cases seem by no means parallel; yet I am not sufficiently booked in card-table language to judge whether Staunton's explanation will hold: 'From the context it seems more probably an allusion to card-playing; and by *bank'd their towns* is meant, *won their towns, put them in bank or rest.*'

Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook[1] conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. [*trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, *attended.*

BAST. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the King
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
PAND. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize[2] with my entreaties:
He flatly says he 'll not lay down his arms.
BAST. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English King;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason too he should:[3]
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque and unadvisèd[4] revel,
This unhair'd[5] sauciness and boyish troop,
The King doth smile at; and is well prepared
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;[6]
To dive, like buckets, in concealèd wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill and shake

[1] To *outlook* is the same, here, as to *outface*, or to *face down*.
[2] To *temporize* is to comply with the exigencies or the interests of the time; hence to *yield*, to *come to terms*, to *succumb*.
[3] 'And *there is* reason too *why* he should *be prepared*.'
[4] *Harness'd* is *armed*, or *armoured*, or both.—*Unadvised*, again, for *rash*, *inconsiderate*, or *thoughtless*.
[5] *Unhair'd* is *beardless*, *boy-faced*. Spoken in contempt, of course.
[6] To *take* the hatch is to *leap* the hatch. So we speak of *taking* the fence.

Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,[1]
Thinking his voice an armèd Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his eyrie,[2] towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets changed,
Their needls to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lou. There end thy brave,[3] and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lou. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand—
Not trusting to this halting legate here,

[1] Probably an equivoque was intended here, *gallus* being the name both of a cock and of a Frenchman.

[2] *Eyrie* here is *nest*. Properly it means a young brood in the nest.—To tower was a term in falconry for to *soar*. In the case supposed, an eagle mounts in a spiral course; and *souse* was used of the swift and deadly plunge which he makes upon the object of his aim, after he has thus soared high above it. *Stoop* was also used of the same act. See *The Taming of the Shrew*, page 66, note 1.

[3] *Brave* is *boast*, *vaunt*, or *defiance*. So in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 4: 'This *brave* shall oft make thee to hide thy head.'

Whom he hath used rather for sport than need—
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
LOU. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
BAST. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. 180
[*exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. JOHN. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert!
HUB. Badly, I fear. How fares your Majesty?
K. JOHN. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.
K. JOHN. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.
MESS. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,[1]
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire[2] themselves.
K. JOHN. Ah me, this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news!—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*exeunt.*

[1] *Supply* here means *reinforcement*, supply of troops. Hence, as a collective noun, it admits both a singular and a plural verb, *was expected* and *Are wreck'd*.
[2] *Retire* was often thus used transitively, in the sense of *withdraw*.

Scene IV. *The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, *and* Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King so stored with friends.
Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten devil, Falconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.
Pem. They say King John sore-sick hath left the field.

Enter Melun *wounded, and led by* Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the eye of rude rebellion,[1]
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if that France be lord of this loud[2] day,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

[1] Here, if the text be right, the unthreading of a needle is used as a metaphor for simply undoing what has been done. See Critical Notes.—'Bought and sold' is an old proverbial phrase, meaning *played false with*, or *betrayed*. See 1 *Henry VI.*, page 70, note 1.

[2] *Loud* appears to have been sometimes used in the sense of *stormy* or *boisterous*. So in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: 'My arrows, too slightly timber'd for so *loud* a wind,' etc.

Resolveth[1] from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I, then, be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Louis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the East:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated[2] treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Louis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King:
The love of him—and this respect[3] besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof,[4] I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour[5] of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

SAL. We do believe thee:—and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnèd flight;
And, like a bated and retirèd flood,
Leaving our rankness[6] and irregular course,

[1] *Resolveth* for *melteth*; as in *Hamlet*, i. 2: 'O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt, thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew!' See, also, page 27, note 5.

[2] *Rated* perhaps in the sense of the Latin *ratus*; treason *ratified* by overt act. Johnson, however, explains it, 'The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay.'—In the next line, *fine* seems to mean *end*, like the Latin *finis*.

[3] A clear instance of *respect* for *consideration*. See page 76, note 4.

[4] With Shakespeare, *in lieu of* is always equivalent to *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. See *The Merchant of Venice*, page 98, note 2.

[5] *Rumour* here is *loud murmur*, or *roar*. So in Fairfax's Tasso, vii. 106: 'Of breaking spears, of ringing helm and shield, a dreadful *rumour* roar'd on every side.'

[6] *Rankness*, or *rank*, applied to a river, means *overflowing* or *exuberant*.

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,[1]
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

Scene V. *The Same. The French Camp.*

Enter Louis *and his Train.*

Lou. The Sun of heaven methought was loth to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When th' English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tattering[2] colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?
Lou. Here: what news?
Mess. The Count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.
Lou. Ah, foul-shrewd[3] news! beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me.—Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?
Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

[1] *O'erlook'd* for *overflown* or *overpassed*.
[2] *Tattering* for *tattered*; the active form with the passive sense, as we have before had this order reversed. See page 47, note 2.
[3] *Shrewd* in its old sense of *sharp, biting*, or *bitter*. Commonly so in Shakespeare. See *As You Like It*, page 94, note 1.

Lou. Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*exeunt.*

Scene VI. *An open Place near Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter, severally, the Bastard *and* Hubert.

Hub. Who 's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.
Bast. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part[1] of England.
Bast. Whither dost thou go?
Hub. What 's that to thee?
Bast. Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Hubert, I think?
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?
Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless[2] night
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Bast. Brief, then; and what 's the news?
Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

[1] *Part* for *party*; as we have before had *party* for *part*. See page 38, note 1.

[2] *Eyeless* for *blind*, that is, *dark*. So in Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: 'O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death.' And Shakespeare, in *Lucrece*, has '*sightless* night.'—*Remembrance* here is *memory*, or the faculty of remembering.

BAST. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman, I 'll not swoon at it.
HUB. The King, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless; and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.[1]
BAST. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
HUB. A monk, I tell you; a resolvèd[2] villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.
BAST. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
HUB. Why, know you not the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.
BAST. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I 'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,—
These Lincoln washes have devourèd them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the King;
I doubt[3] he will be dead or e'er I come. [*exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

P. HEN. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his poor brain—
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house—
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEM. His Highness yet doth speak; and holds belief

[1] 'Than if this knowledge had been withheld from you till the present hurry were over, or till you were more at leisure.'
[2] *Resolved* for *determined* or *resolute*.
[3] *Doubt*, again, for *fear*. See page 55, note 4.

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.
P. HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage? [*Exit* BIGOT.
PEM. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.
P. HEN. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.[1]
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.
SAL. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.[2]

Re-enter BIGOT, *with* Attendants *carrying* KING JOHN *in a chair.*

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.
P. HEN. How fares your Majesty?
K. JOHN. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course

[1] That is, will *lose all sense* of themselves, or become *unconscious*.
[2] So in Ovid's description of Chaos: 'Quem dixere Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.'

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips,
And comfort me with cold: I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,[1]
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemnèd blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen[2] of speed to see your Majesty!

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utteréd;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And model[3] of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where Heaven He knows how we shall answer him;
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,[4]
Were in the washes all unwarily
Devourèd by the unexpected flood. [King John *dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

[1] *Strait* for *stingy, niggardly,* or *small-souled.*

[2] *Spleen* was used thus of any *sudden* or *violent* motion. So in ii. 1 of this play: 'With swifter *spleen* than *powder* can enforce.'

[3] *Model* here is *image* or *representation.* See *All's Well that Ends Well,* page 81, note 1.

[4] To 'remove upon advantage' is to move for the purpose or in the hope of gaining an advantage.

KING JOHN. Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemnèd blood.

King John, Act v. Sc. 7.

Drawing by W. VON KAULBACH.

BAST. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to Heaven,
As it on Earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
SAL. It seems you know not, then, so much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
BAST. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewéd to our defence.
SAL. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To cónsummate this business happily.
BAST. Let it be so:—and you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
P. HEN. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.
BAST. Thither shall it, then:
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.
SAL. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
P. HEN. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.

BAST. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.[1]—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [*exeunt.*

[1] That is, since the time has prefaced this event with afflictions enough. The speaker thinks they have already suffered so much, that now they ought to give way to sorrow as little as may be.

CRITICAL NOTES

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Line 84. *Why, what a madcap hath Heaven* sent *us here!*—So Heath and Walker. The original has *lent* instead of *sent*.

l. 93. *With* that half-face *would he have all my land.*—The original has *half that face.* Corrected by Theobald.

l. 119. *Which fault lies on the* hazard *of all husbands.*—The original has *hazards*. The confounding of singulars and plurals is a very frequent error in the old editions. Pope made the change.

l. 161. *Kneel thou down Philip, but* arise *more great,*—

Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.—Instead of '*arise* more great,' the old text has '*rise* more great.' Corrected by Steevens.

l. 187. *For new-made honour doth forget men's names;*

'Tis too respective and too sociable

For your conversion.—I suspect we ought to read, with Pope, 'too respective and *unsociable* For your *conversing.*' This makes '*Tis* refer to *honour*, as we should naturally understand it. See, however, footnote 3.

l. 207. *For he is but a bastard to the time,*

That doth not smack *of observation.*—The original has *smoake* for *smack*. Hardly worth noting.

l. 236. *Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,*

Could he *get me?*—The original omits *he*, which is evidently required both for sense and for metre.

l. 256. *Heaven lay not my transgression to* thy *charge,*

That art the issue of my dear offence.—The original has '*my* charge.' In modern editions generally, the passage is printed thus:

> 'Heaven lay not my transgression to *my* charge!—
> *Thou* art the issue of my dear offence.'

The reading in the text was proposed by Staunton; who justly remarks, 'She had a moment before confessed that Richard Cœur-de-lion was his father; and "*Thou* art the issue" is a needless repetition of the avowal.'

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Line 1. K. Phi. *Before Angiers well met, brave Austria!*—In the old copies, this and also King Philip's next speech are assigned to Louis. The correction is Theobald's. Mr. W. W. Williams, also, in *The Parthenon*,

August 16, 1862, pointed out the error. As he remarks, the mere fact of the speaker's saying that Austria 'is come hither at *our* importance' is enough to show that the speech should not be assigned to Louis, who is addressed afterwards as a 'boy.'

l. 65. *With them, a bastard of the* king *deceased.*—So the second folio. The first has *Kings* instead of *king.*

l. 104. *That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,*
And this his son; England was Geffrey's right;
And his *is* Geffrey's.—So Mason. The original reads 'And *this* is Geffreyes,' *this* having got repeated from the line above. I suspect the correction ought to be carried still further, and *Arthur's* substituted for *Geffrey's*: 'England was Geffrey's right, and his [right] is Arthur's.' See, however, footnote 2.

l. 110. *From whom hast thou this great commission, France,*
To draw my answer to *thy articles?*—So Hanmer. Instead of *to*, the original has *from*, which probably crept in from the preceding line.

l. 143. *It lies as sightly on the back of him*
As great Alcides' does *upon an ass.*—Instead of *does*, the old text has *shooes*, out of which it is hardly possible to make any sense. Theobald substituted *shows*, and has been followed by some editors. The reading in the text was lately proposed by Mr. H. H. Vaughan. It removes all difficulty, and infers an easy misprint. Mr. Fleay retains *shoes*, and substitutes *ape* for *ass*; which may be right.

l. 149. *King* Philip, *determine what we shall do straight.*
K. Phi. *Women and fools, break off your conference.*—In the first of these lines, the original has 'King *Lewis*,' and the speech beginning with the second line is there assigned to Louis. The correction is Theobald's.

l. 152. *England and Ireland,* Anjou, *Touraine, Maine.*—Both here and in one or two other places, the old copy misprints *Angiers* for *Anjou.*

l. 175. *Thou and thine usurp*
The dominations, royalties, and rights
Of this oppressèd boy, thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee.—So Ritson and Collier's second folio. The original gives the third line thus: 'Of this oppressed boy; *this is* thy eldest sonnes sonne'; where both sense and metre plead against *this is* as an interpolation.

l. 187. *And with her* plagued; *her sin his injury;*
Her injury the beadle to her sin.—In the original this stands as follows:

'And with her *plague* her sinne: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her sinne.'

The passage has proved a very troublesome one to dress into order and sense, and is printed variously in modern editions. It is somewhat perplexed and obscure at the best. The change of *plague* to *plagued* in the first line is by Roderick, and removes, I think, a good part of the difficulty. See page 21, footnote 3; and page 22, footnote 1.

l. 213. *All preparation for a bloody siege*
And merciless proceeding by these French
Confront your *city's eyes.*—The original reads '*Comfort yours* cities eies.' Corrected by Rowe.

l. 255. *We will bear home that lusty blood again*
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But, if you fondly pass our proffer'd peace,
'Tis not the rondure *of your old-faced walls*, etc.—Instead of 'proffer'd *peace*,' the original has 'proffer'd *offer*'; which seems to me a plain instance of sophistication, in order to avoid a repetition of *peace.* But I should rather say that the word ought to be repeated here, for peace is precisely what the speaker has just proffered. Walker notes upon the passage thus: 'The bad English, the cacophony, and the two-syllable ending, so uncommon in this play, prove that *offer* is a corruption originating in *proffer'd.* Read, I think, *love.*'—Instead of *rondure*, in the last line, the old text has *rounder*, which however is but another spelling of the same word.

l. 325. First Cit. *Heralds, from off our towers we might behold*, etc.—In the original, this and the following speeches by the same person have the prefix '*Hubert.*' The error—for such it clearly is—probably grew from the two parts of the First Citizen and of Hubert being assigned to the same actor.

l. 335. *Say, shall the current of our right* run *on?*—So the second folio. Instead of *run*, the first has *rome*; doubtless a misprint for *runne*, the word being commonly so spelt.

l. 339. *Unless thou let his silver* waters *keep*
A peaceful progress to the ocean.—So Collier's second folio. The original has *water*, instead of *waters.*

l. 358. *You equal*-potent, *fiery-kindled spirits.*—So Walker. The old text reads 'You equall *Potents.*'

l. 368. *A greater Power than* ye *denies all this.*—Instead of *ye*, the original has *We.* The change was made by Theobald at Warburton's suggestion, and was adopted by Hanmer and Capell. The original also prefixes '*Fra.*' to the speech.

l. 371. King'd *of our* fears, *until our fears, resolved,*
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.—Such is Tyrwhitt's reading. The old text reads '*Kings* of our *feare*'; which, if it gives any sense at all, gives a wrong one. The speaker clearly means, that they are ruled by their fears, or their fears are their king, and must continue to be so, until that king is *deposed.*

l. 411. *Our* thunders *from the south*
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.—So Capell. The old text has *Thunder* for *thunders.* The pronoun *their* points out the correction.

l. 423. *That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,*
Is niece *to England.*—Instead of *niece*, the original has *neere*, no doubt a misprint for *neece*, as the word was commonly spelt. The correction is

from Collier's second folio, and is fully justified in that the Lady Blanch is repeatedly spoken of as John's niece.

l. 432. *Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,*
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, then *say he is not she;*
And she, again, wants nothing to name want,
If want it be, but *that she is not he.*—The original has, in the third of these lines, 'If not compleat *of*,' and, in the last, 'If want it be *not*.' The former can hardly be made to yield any sense at all; and Hanmer changed *of* to *oh*. The context naturally suggests the reading here given: but possibly we ought to read 'If not complete *he*, say he is not she.' The other correction was proposed, independently, by Lettsom and Mr. Swynfen Jervis. The confounding of *but* and *not* is among the commonest of errors in the originals of Shakespeare. See footnote 2.

l. 437. *He is the half part of a blessèd man,*
Left to be finishèd by such a *she.*—The old text reads 'such *as* shee.' Not worth noting, perhaps.

l. 455. *Here's a* flaw,
That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
Out of his rags.—Here, instead of *flaw*, the original has *stay*, which Collier's second folio changes to *say*. The former seems palpably wrong, and I cannot pronounce *say* much better. Johnson proposed *flaw*, and Walker says it 'is indisputably right.' See footnote 2.

l. 534. *For I am well assured*
That I did so when I was first affied.—Instead of *affied*, the old text repeats *assur'd*: whereupon Walker notes as follows: 'It is impossible that this repetition of the same word in a different sense—there being no quibble intended, or any thing else to justify it—can have proceeded from Shakespeare. Read "when I was first *affied*," that is, *betrothed*.' See, also, footnote 2.

l. 547. *Brother of England, how may we content*
The widow'd *lady?*—So Collier's second folio. The original has 'The *widdow* Lady.'

l. 584. *Hath drawn him from his own determined* aim.—So Mason and Collier's second folio. The old text has *ayd*.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Line 68. *I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;*
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.—Instead of *stout*, the original has *stoope*, which just contradicts the preceding clause. Corrected by Hanmer.

l. 73. *Here I and* sorrow *sit;*
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.—Here, as in a former line of the same speech, the old text has *sorrowes*. There, however, the plural is in keeping; which is far from being the case here. Corrected by Pope.

l. 121. *What a fool* wert *thou,*
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party!—The old text reads 'What a fool *art* thou.' The context fairly requires the change, which was proposed by Lettsom.

l. 147. *What* earthly *name to interrogatories*
Can task *the free breath of a sacred king?*—Instead of *earthly* and *task*, the old text has *earthie* and *tast*,—palpable misprints.

l. 208. *O Louis, stand fast! the Devil tempts thee here*
*In likeness of a new-*up*trimmèd bride.*—The original reads a new *un*-trimmed Bride.' The correction is Dyce's, who aptly quotes, in support of it, from *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 4: 'Go waken Juliet; go and *trim* her *up*.' Staunton adopts 'the happy and unforced emendation of Mr. Dyce.' In his *Addenda and Corrigenda*, however, he makes the following note in support of the old reading: 'In old times it was a custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided, and hanging loose over her shoulders. May not Constance, by "a new *untrimmed* bride," refer to this custom? Peacham, in describing the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave, says that "the bride came into the chapell with a coronet of pearle on her head, and *her haire dischevelled* and hanging down over her shoulders." Compare, too, *Tancred and Gismunda*, v. 1:

> "So let thy tresses flaring in the wind
> *Untrimmèd* hang about thy barèd neck."'

l. 250. *Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose*
Some gentle order; then shall we be blest
To do your pleasure and continue friends.—In the original, the second line reads 'Some gentle order, *and* then we shall be blest.' Here *and* hurts the metre without helping the sense; and so, as Lettsom remarks, 'seems to have intruded from the line next below.'

l. 258. *France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,*
A chafèd *lion by the mortal paw*, etc.—So Theobald. The original reads 'A *cased* Lion,' which is absurd. Collier's second folio has 'A *cagèd* lion,' which is rather worse than absurd, as the paw of a caged lion may be quite harmless. In support of *chafèd*, Dyce quotes from *King Henry VIII.*, iii. 2: 'So looks the *chafèd* lion upon the daring huntsman that hath gall'd him.' Also from Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*, v. 3: 'He frets like a *chafed* lion.'

l. 270. *For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss*
Is most *amiss when it is truly done;*
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done, not doing it.—In the second of these lines, the original reads 'Is *not* amiss'; which, it seems to me, cannot be reconciled to the context, or strained to sense, without a course of argument as over-subtile and intricate as Cardinal Pandulph is here using. Warburton reads 'Is *yet* amiss,' and Collier's second folio 'Is *but* amiss'; the latter of which also occurred to Lettsom. The reading in the text is Hanmer's, and

is preferable, I think, to either of the others, inasmuch as it just makes a balance between the two branches of the sentence. See footnote 2.

l. 279. *It is religion that doth make vows kept:*
But thou hast sworn against religion;
By which *thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,*
And makest an oath—the surety for thy truth—
Against an oath,—the test *thou art unsure.*
Who swears, *swears only not to be forsworn;*
Else what a mockery should it be to swear!
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn.—A transcriber or compositor or proof-reader might well get lost in such a maze of casuistry as Pandulph weaves in this speech: accordingly, the original here presents an inextricable imbroglio. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of the above lines there stand as follows:

> 'By *what* thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
> And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
> Against an oath the *truth*, thou art unsure
> *To sweare*, sweares onely not to be forsworne.'

In the first of these lines, Capell reads 'By *which*,' as Johnson suggested; and Hanmer reads 'By *that*,' as Staunton also proposes to read. In either of these readings the pronoun must be understood as referring, not to *religion*, but to the act expressed in the preceding line. Again, in the last of the lines, *Who swears* is Capell's reading, which Staunton also proposes. In the third line, again, Staunton proposes to substitute *proof* for *truth*. This would be a rather bold change; and I prefer *test*, as a word more likely to be misprinted *truth*. I see no possibility of making any sense out of the passage without some such change; and *test* is repeatedly used by Shakespeare as an equivalent for *proof*. Perhaps we ought also to read *untrue* instead of *unsure*; but *unsure* may well be taken in much the same sense as *untrue*,—*not to be relied on*, or *untrustworthy*. Some of the strainings and writhings of exegetical ingenuity that have been resorted to in support of the old text are ludicrous enough. See footnote 1.

l. 341. *A rage whose heat hath this condition,*
That nothing can allay 't, *nothing but blood,*—
The best *and dearest-valued blood of France.*—Here the old text has *allay* instead of *allay 't*, and *blood* instead of *best*. The former change is Capell's, the latter Walker's. Perhaps it were as well to read, 'The blood, *the* dearest-valued blood of France.'

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Line 1. *Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;*
Some fiery *devil hovers in the sky,*
And pours down mischief.—So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The original, 'Some *ayery* Devill.' Burton, in his *Anatomie of Melancholy*, says that, of the sublunary devils, 'Prellus makes six kinds: fiery, aeriall,

terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those fairies, satyres, nymphs,' etc.—'Fiery spirits or devills are such as commonly work by blazing starres, fire-drakes, or *ignes fatui*; likewise they counterfeit sunnes and moones, stars oftentimes, and sit on ship masts,' etc.

l. 5. *Hubert, keep* thou *this boy.*—So Tyrwhitt. The original lacks *thou.*

ACT III. SCENE 3.

Line 1. *So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind,*

More *strongly guarded.*—Instead of *More*, the old text has *So*; probably repeated by mistake from the line before. The correction is Lettsom's.

l. 7. *And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags*

Of hoarding abbots; set at liberty

Imprison'd angels: *the fat ribs of peace*

Must by the hungry war *be fed upon.*—In the original 'set at liberty' and 'imprison'd angels' change places with each other, thus untuning the verse badly. The correction is Walker's. The original also reads 'Must by the hungry *now* be fed upon.' Warburton proposed and Theobald printed *war.*

l. 25. *I had a thing to say,—*

But I will fit it with some better time.—The original has *tune,*—a frequent misprint for *time.* Corrected by Pope.

l. 37. *If the midnight bell*

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound one *into the drowsy* ear *of night.*—The original reads 'Sound *on* into the drowzie *race* of night.' Shakespeare has many clear instances of *one* printed *on*, which was in fact a common way of spelling *one.* Theobald was the first to see that here *on* was merely the old spelling of *one.* The correction of *race* to *ear* is Walker's. Such a misprint was very easy when *ear* was spelt *eare.* See footnote 1.

l. 72. *Hubert shall be your man,* t' attend *on you.*—So the third folio. The original reads 'your man, *attend* on you.'

ACT III. SCENE 4.

Line 2. *A whole armado of* convented *sail*

Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.—So Mason and Collier's second folio. The original has '*convicted* sail.'

l. 12. *Such temperate order in so fierce a* course,

Doth want example.—The old text has *cause* instead of *course*, which was conjectured by Theobald and printed by Hanmer. So, in *Macbeth*, v. 2, the old copies have *cause* misprinted for *course*: 'He cannot buckle his distemper'd *cause* within the belt of rule.'

l. 40. *And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy*

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,

Which scorns a mother's *invocation.*—So Heath and Collier's second

folio. The old text has 'a *modern* invocation.' Heath observes, 'The epithet *modern* hath no meaning in this place. We should undoubtedly read "And scorns a *mother's* invocation."' Probably it was written *moders*.

l. 44. *Thou art* unholy *to belie me so.*—So Staunton. The original reads 'Thou art *holy*,' against both sense and verse. The fourth folio has '*not* holy,' which is the common reading.

l. 85. *As dim and meagre as an* ague-*fit.*—The original reads 'an *Agues* fitte.' In support of *ague-fit*, Lettsom appositely quotes from *King Richard II.*, iii. 2: 'This *ague-fit* of fear is overblown.'

l. 110. *And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet* world's *taste*,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.—So Pope, the old text, 'sweet *words* taste.'—The repetition of *shame* seems hardly right. Walker proposes 'nought but *gall* and bitterness,' and remarks that 'something is wanting that shall class with *bitterness*.'

l. 131. *And it cannot be,*
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain one *hour*,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.—Instead of *one* in the third line, the original has *an*. Obvious as is the correction, it was not made till found in Collier's second folio.

l. 153. *No natural exhalation in the sky,*
No scape *of Nature, no distemper'd day*, etc.—The old text has *scope* for *scape*. Corrected by Pope. Dr. Schmidt denounces the correction as 'preposterous'; and glozes the old text into meaning 'no effect produced within the regular limits of nature.' His denunciation would have stood a better chance, if he had spared his explanation: as it is, the gloss amply nonsuits the censure, and reacts in support of the correction. Such freaks of exegetical license can make you any thing out of any thing, and read you whatever sense you please into *abracadabra*. See footnote 2.

l. 182. *Strong reasons make* strong *actions.*—So the second folio. The first reads '*strange* actions.' I am not sure that the change is a correction; though the repetition of *strong* is much in Shakespeare's manner.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Scene I. *Northampton.*—The old copies have nothing indicating the whereabout of this scene. Modern editors generally have settled upon Northampton, though for no reason, apparently, but that the course of the dialogue identifies that as the whereabout of the opening scene. Here the course of the dialogue merely shows the scene to be somewhere in England; and perhaps Northampton may answer as well for the whereabout here, as in the first Act. In fact, however, Arthur, after falling into John's hands, was confined in the castle of Falaise, and afterwards in that of Rouen, where he was put to death. Perhaps I ought to add that Staunton and the Cambridge Editors assign '*A Room in a Castle*' as the place of Arthur's confinement,

without further specifying the whereabout ; to which I can see no objection, except that Northampton was the ordinary place of the Court in John's time ; but that is not much.

Line 1. *Heat me these irons hot : and look* you *stand*

Within the arras.—The original reads 'look *thou* stand.' But Hubert is addressing the *two* Attendants, and the occurrence of *you* in the third line below shows that it should be *you* here. Corrected by Rowe.

l. 18. *I should be merry as the day is long.*—In the original, 'be *as* merry as the day.' The first *as* overfills the verse without helping the sense. Pope's correction.

l. 63. *And quench* his *fiery indignation*

Even in the water *of mine innocence.*—The original has *this* instead of *his*, and *matter* instead of *water*. The former correction is very obvious, as we have many instances of *his* and *this* misprinted for each other ; the latter is due to Mr. W. W. Williams, and is exceedingly happy.

l. 66. *But for containing fire to harm mine* eyes.—Both here and afterwards, in the line of Hubert's speech, 'Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine *eyes*,' the original has *eye*,—errors easily corrected from the context.

l. 109. *There is no malice* burning in this *coal.*—The old text reads 'no malice *in this burning* coal.' As Arthur has just said 'the fire is *dead*,' the transposition seems but just to the sense of the passage.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

Line 42. *And more, more strong*, when *lesser is my fear*,

I shall indue you with.—Instead of *when*, the old text has *then*. Corrected by Tyrwhitt.

l. 49. *Both for myself and them, but, chief of all*,

Your safety, for the which myself and they

Bend their best studies.—The original reads 'for the which myself and *them*.' Corrected by Pope. Walker notes upon the passage, 'Is it possible that Shakespeare should have written so ungrammatically? *they*, surely.'

l. 55. *If what in rest you have, in right you hold*,

Why should *your fears—which, as they say, attend*

The steps of wrong—then *move you to mew up*

Your tender kinsman.—So Pope and Collier's second folio. In the old text, *should* and *then* change places with each other.

l. 78. *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles* sent.—So Theobald. The original has *set* for *sent*. As *battles* here means *armies drawn up in order of battle*, I do not see how heralds can be said to be *set* between them. That heralds should be *sent* to and fro between them, for the purpose of arranging a composition, is intelligible enough.

l. 117. *Where is my mother's* ear,

That such an army could be drawn in France,

And she not hear of it?—This is commonly printed 'my mother's *care*.'

In the original *eare* has the first letter so blemished as to be hardly distinguishable from a *c*.

l. 129. *Under whose conduct* come *those powers of France*
That thou for truth givest out are landed here?—The original has *came* for *come*. Corrected by Hanmer.

l. 171. *O, let me have no* subjects *enemies*, etc.—So the second folio. The first has *subject* instead of *subjects*.

l. 219. *How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds*
Make ill deeds *done! Hadst* thou not then *been by*,
This murder had not come into my mind.—The original reads 'Make *deeds ill* done? Had'st *not thou* beene by.' The first correction was proposed by Capell, and is made in Collier's second folio; the other is Lettsom's. Pope reads '*for* hadst not thou.'

l. 231. *Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,*
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or *bid me tell my tale in express words.*—So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text, '*As* bid me tell.'

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

Line 16. *Whose private* with me *of the Dauphin's love*
Is much more general than these lines import.—Collier's second folio reads 'Whose private *missive*,' and rightly, perhaps.

l. 24. *We will not line his* sin-*bestained cloak*
With our pure honours.—So Collier's second folio. The old copies have 'his *thin*-bestained cloake.'

l. 54. *To the yet unbegotten* sins *of* time.—The original reads '*sinns* of *times*.' Corrected by Pope.

l. 71. *Till I have set a glory to this* head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.—So Farmer and Collier's second folio. The old text, 'a glory to this *hand*.'

l. 155. *Now happy he whose cloak and* cincture *can*
Hold out this tempest.—The original has *center* instead of *cincture*. An obvious error, and hardly worth noting.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Line 1. K. John. *Thus have I yielded up into your hand*
The circle of my glory.
Pand. [giving him the crown.] Take't *again*
From this my hand.—The old text reads '*Take* again.' The correction is Lettsom's. Strange it should have been so long in coming.

l. 57. *What, shall they seek the lion in his den,*
And fright him there, and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said! Forage, *and run*

To meet displeasure further from the doors.—Collier's second folio substitutes *Courage!* for *Forage*, and, I suspect, rightly; as, at the close of the scene, the same speaker says, 'Away, then, with good *courage*!' The old text seems indeed to be sustained by several quotations showing that *lion* and *forage* were apt to be used together. So in *King Henry V.*, i. 2: 'Smiling to behold his *lion's* whelp *forage* in blood of French nobility.' Also in Chapman's *Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, ii. 1: 'And look how lions close kept, fed by hand, lose quite th' innative fire of spirit and greatness that lions, free, breathe, *foraging* for prey; and grow so gross, that mastiffs, curs, and mongrels, have spirit to cow them.' Still I am not sure that the argument from these passages will fairly cover the case in hand; as it is the spirit of resistance and defence, not of conquest, that Falconbridge is trying to kindle in John.

l. 66. *Shall we, upon the footing of our land,*
Send fair-play offers, *and make compromise?*—So Collier's second folio. The original has 'fayre-play-*orders*.'

ACT V. SCENE 2.

Line 9. *And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear*
A voluntary zeal and unurged faith
To your proceedings; etc.—The old text reads 'and *an* unurg'd faith.'

l. 13. *Should seek a plaster by* condemn'd *revolt.*—The original has *contemn'd*; upon which Heath notes as follows: 'The epithet *contemn'd* hath no propriety here. We should certainly read *condemn'd*; that is, which the general voice of mankind condemns, and which therefore Salisbury himself cannot help deploring.'

l. 36. *And* grapple *thee unto a pagan shore.*—The old copies have *cripple.* Corrected by Pope.

l. 43. *O, what a noble combat hast* thou *fought*
Between compulsion and a brave respect.—In the first of these lines, the original omits *thou*, which was supplied in the fourth folio.

l. 59. *Full* of warm *blood, of mirth, of gossiping.*—The old copies read 'Full *warm of* blood.' Corrected by Heath.

l. 83. *Your breath first kindled the dead* coals *of* war.—The original has '*coale* of *warres*.' The correction is Capell's.

l. 124. *The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,*
And will not temporize with my entreaties.—Hereupon Walker notes as follows: 'The double ending in this play grates on my ear. Read, surely, *entreats*; the mistake was easy. The word is frequent.' And he cites examples of *entreats*, substantive, from various sources; also several examples of *entreaties*, where it is clearly an erratum for *entreats*. Still the change seems inadmissible.

l. 133. *This* unhair'd *sauciness and boyish* troop,
The King doth smile at: and is well prepared

To whip this dwarfish war, these *pigmy arms.*—Here the original has, in the first line, 'This *un-heard* sawcinesse and boyish *Troopes*,' and, in the third, '*this* Pigmy Armes.' The first of these corrections, *unhair'd*, was made by Theobald; the second, *troop*, was conjectured independently by Capell, Lettsom, and Jervis. The third error corrects itself.

l. 144. *Even at the* crowing *of your nation's* cock.—So Collier's second folio. The old text, 'Even at the *crying* of your Nations *crow*.' See footnote 1.

l. 156. *Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets* changed,

Their neelds *to lances*, etc.—Instead of *changed* and *neelds*, the original has *change* and *Needl's*. The confounding of final *e* and *d* is very frequent, as Walker abundantly shows. For *neelds*, see note on 'Is all the counsel that we two have shared,' etc., *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, page 81.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

Line 11. *Unthread the* eye of rude *rebellion*,
And welcome home again discarded faith,
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if that France *be* lord *of this loud day*,
He means to recompense the pains you take
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn, etc.—In the first of these lines, the old text reads 'the *rude eye of* Rebellion.' But *rude* should evidently be taken as an epithet of *rebellion*, not of *eye*. Theobald's reading of the line is, '*Untread* the rude *way* of rebellion'; which I am strongly moved to adopt. Collier's second folio reads '*Untread* the *road-way*.' Either of these might be supported by the line in the last speech of the scene: 'We will *un*tread the steps of damnèd flight.' See, however, footnote 1.—In the fourth line, again, the original has 'For if *the French* be *Lords*.' The reading here given was suggested by Walker, who notes upon the old text as follows: 'Palpably wrong. Did Shakespeare write "if *that France* be *lord*," etc.? or is a line lost? *e.g.*:

> "Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
> [Confide not in the plighted faith of Lewis;]
> For, if," etc.'

l. 59. *For I do see the cruel pangs of death*

Right *in thine eye.*—*Right* sounds rather odd here, though common speech often uses it in much the same way, as in the phrases, 'He caught me *right* here,' 'I hit him *right* in the eye,' etc. Collier's second folio substitutes *Bright*: plausible, indeed; but Dyce puts it right out of court, on the authority of an 'eminent physician,' Dr. Elliotson: 'Mr. Collier tells us that *Bright* is to be understood "in reference to the remarkable brilliancy of the eyes of many persons just before death"; but if that lighting up of the eye ever occurs, it is only when comparative tranquillity precedes dissolution,—

not during "the *pangs* of death"; and most assuredly it is never to be witnessed in those persons who, like Melun, are dying of wounds—*of exhaustion from loss of blood*,—in which case, the eye, immediately before death, becomes glazed and lustreless.'—Capell reads '*Fight* in thine eye'; and the same occurred to me before I knew that any one had hit upon it. I have hardly any doubt that so we ought to read; for the image or idea of death-pangs combating in the eye, and striving to quench its native fire, is good sense and good poetry too. Perhaps I should add, that Mr. A. E. Brae proposes, and Dr. Ingleby strongly approves, the reading, '*Riot* in thine eye.' This, besides that it makes the verse begin with a Dactyl,—a rare thing in Shakespeare,—does not seem to me so good in itself as Capell's *Fight*. Dr. Schmidt explains *Right* to mean 'in a manner deserving the name'; which, to my thinking, has much the effect of putting the old text out of court.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

Line 2. *But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,*
When th' *English* measured *backward their own ground*
In faint retire.—The original reads 'When English *measure* backward.' Corrected by Rowe and Pope.

l. 7. *And wound our* tattering *colours* clearly *up.*—The original has 'And *woon'd* our *tott'ring* colours.' But *tottering*, it appears, is but an old spelling of *tattering*. See footnote 2.—Much question has been made about *clearly* here; whether it be the right word, and, if so, in what sense it is to be taken, *neatly* or *entirely*. Capell proposed *cheerly*, and Collier's second folio substitutes *closely*. The Cambridge Editors propose *cleanly* in the sense of *neatly*, and as rightly antithetical to *tattering*.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

Line 4. Hub. *What's that to thee?*
Bast. *Why may not I demand*
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?
Hubert, I think.—The original prints all this as Hubert's speech, except 'Hubert, I think,' to which it prefixes '*Bast.*' The arrangement in the text is Dyce's, who notes upon it as follows: 'Here I adopt, as absolutely necessary, a portion of the new distribution of the speeches at the commencement of this scene which was recommended to me by Mr. W. W. Lloyd.'

l. 12. *Unkind remembrance! thou and* eyeless *night*
Have done me shame.—So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The original, 'thou and *endles* night.' See footnote 2,

ACT V. SCENE 7.

Line 15. *Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,*
Leaves them insensible; *and his siege is now*
Against the mind.—The original has ***invisible*** for ***insensible.*** Corrected by Hanmer. The original also has ***winde*** for ***mind***; an error that corrects itself.

l. 21. *I am the* cygnet *to this pale faint swan.*—For *cygnet* the old text has *Symet.* Corrected by Rowe.

l. 108. *I have a kind soul that would give* you *thanks.*—The old copies omit ***you***, which is necessary alike to sense and metre.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

First heard of through an entry in the Stationers' register, dated August 29, 1597, and published in the course of the same year, but without the author's name. The same text was issued again in 1598, with 'By William Shakespeare' in the title-page. There was a third issue in 1608, the title-page having the words, 'With new additions of the Parliament-Scene, and the deposing of King Richard.' These additions are in Act iv., Scene 1, comprising a hundred and sixty-four lines, or about half the Act. Another quarto edition appeared in 1615, the text being the same as in that of 1608. Of course the play re-appeared along with the others in the folio of 1623. In the folio text, however, several passages, including in all just fifty lines, are unaccountably wanting; the omissions, in some cases, making a palpable break in the continuity of the sense. The text of 1597 is, I believe, generally allowed to be the best of the five, except as regards the additions of 1608; each later issue retaining the errors of the earlier, with new ones of its own.

As to the date of the composition, we have nothing decisive beyond the entry at the Stationers'. Malone assigns the writing to 1593; Chalmers to 1596; and others, to various dates between those two. To the best of my judgment, the internal evidence of style, the abundance of rhymes, the frequent passages of elaborate verbal trifling, the smooth-flowing current of the verse, and the comparative uncompactness of texture, make strongly in favour of as early a date as 1594, when the author was thirty years old. In all these respects, a comparison of the play with the First Part of *King Henry the Fourth*, which could not have been written later than 1597, will, I think, satisfy almost any one that there must have been an interval of several years between the two.

And we have another sort of argument which, it seems to me, carries no little force towards the same conclusion. The first four Books of Daniel's *History of the Civil Wars*, three of

which are wholly occupied with the closing passages of Richard's government and life, were originally published in 1595. Samuel Daniel was a star, not indeed of the first magnitude, nor perhaps of the second, but yet a star in that matchless constellation of genius contemporary with Elizabeth and James which has since made England the brightness of the whole Earth. As he was himself a writer of plays, and an aspirant for dramatic honours, it is hardly to be supposed that he would be away from the theatre when 'th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage' was making the place glorious with his 'Delphic lines.'

The poem and the play have several passages so similar in thought and language as to argue that one of the authors must have drawn from the other. This, to be sure, will of itself conclude nothing as to which way the obligation ran. But there is another sort of resemblance much more to the point. Shakespeare, in strict keeping with the nature and purpose of his work, makes the Queen, in mind, character, and deportment, a full-grown woman; whereas, in fact, she was at the time only twelve years old, having been married when she was but eight: a liberty of art every way justifiable in an historical drama, and such as he never scruples to use when the proper ends of dramatic representation may be furthered thereby. On the other hand, the plan of Daniel's poem, and also the bent of his mind, caused him to write, for the most part, with the historical accuracy of a chronicle, insomuch that the fine vein of poetry which was in him hardly had fair play, being overmuch hampered by the rigidity of literal truth. Yet he makes a similar departure from fact in regard to the Queen, representing her very much as she is in the play.

The point, then, is, that such a departure, however justifiable in either case, seems more likely to have been original in the play than in the poem: in the former it grew naturally from the purpose of the work and the usual method of the workman; in the latter its cause appears to be rather in the force of example: in other words, Shakespeare was more likely to do it because, artistically, it ought so to be; Daniel, because it had been so done with success. And it is considerable that Daniel pushes the divergence from historic truth even further than Shakespeare; in which excess we may easily detect the influence of a model: for that which proceeds by the reason and law of Art naturally stops with them; but in proceeding by the measure of examples and effects such is not the case; and hence it is that imitation is so apt to exaggerate whatever traits

it fastens on. To all which if we add, as we justly may, that both this and the other resemblances are such withal as would naturally result from the impressions of the stage, the whole makes at least something of probability for the point in question.

Some question has been made as to whether the 'additions' first printed in the quarto of 1608 were written at the same time with the rest of the play. The judgment of, I believe, all the best critics is that they were; and such is clearly my own. They are all of a piece with the surrounding portions: there is nothing either in the style, the matter, or the connection of them, to argue or even to indicate in the slightest degree a different period of workmanship. Nor is this judgment at all hindered by the fact of their non-appearance in the two earlier issues of the play. For Elizabeth was then on the throne; to whose ears the deposing of monarchs was a very ungrateful theme, especially after the part she had in deposing from both crown and life her enchanting and ill-starred kinswoman, the witty and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Her sensitiveness in this behalf was shown on various occasions. Thus in 1599 Hayward barely escaped prosecution for his *History of King Henry the Fourth,* which related the deposing of Richard; all because of the Queen's extreme jealousy lest the matter should be drawn into a precedent against herself. So that, supposing those additions to have been a part of the play as originally written, it is pretty certain that no publisher would have dared to issue them, however they may have been allowed on the stage.

There was certainly another play in Shakespeare's time on the subject of Richard the Second. This we learn beyond peradventure from Dr. Simon Forman, a dealer in occult science, who kept a diary of curious and noteworthy things. Under date of April 30, 1611, he notes the performance of a play called *Richard the Second* at the Globe theatre; adding such particulars of the plot and action as make it evident that the play could not have been Shakespeare's, though performed at the theatre for which he had so long been used to write. The details noted by Forman ascertain the piece to have embraced the insurrection of Wat Tiler and Jack Straw, with various other matters occurring before the outbreak of the quarrel between Bolingbroke and Norfolk. Forman says nothing about the deposing of Richard; an event which he would hardly have failed to mention, had it formed any part of the play.

This brings me to a curious affair of State which took place

in 1601. It appears that in February of that year the partisans and accomplices of Essex, in pursuance of the conspiracy they had formed, and to further the insurrection they had planned, procured a play to be acted, wherein the deposing of Richard the Second was represented. The affair is briefly related in Camden's *Annals*, and the main points of it are further known from Lord Bacon's official papers concerning 'the treason of Robert, Earl of Essex.' Bacon's statement tallies exactly with another document lately discovered in the State-Paper Office. This ascertains that on the 18th of February, 1601, Augustine Phillips, a member of the same theatrical company with Shakespeare, was examined under oath by Chief-Justice Popham, Justice Anderson, and Sergeant Fenner, in support of the prosecution. Phillips testified that a few days before some of Essex's partisans had applied, in his presence, to the leaders of the Globe company, 'to have the play of the deposing and killing of King Richard the Second played the Saturday next, promising to give them forty shillings more than their ordinary' for playing it. Phillips also testified that he and his fellows had determined to act some other play, 'holding the play of King Richard to be so old, and so long out of use, that they should have small or no company at it,' but that the extra forty shillings induced them to change their purpose, and do as they were requested.

Until this deposition came to light, it was not known what theatrical company had undertaken the performance for which the friends of Essex were prosecuted. We now know that it was the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and by which his play had for some time been owned and often acted. As we have seen, the piece bespoken by the conspirators could not have been the same which Forman witnessed ten years later. It is indeed possible that the play so bespoke may have been a third one on the same subject, that has not elsewhere been heard of; but this, to say the least, appears highly improbable. To be sure, the play engaged for that occasion is spoken of as being 'so old, and so long out of use,' that it was not likely to draw an audience; which circumstance has been rather strongly urged against supposing it to have been Shakespeare's. But these words need not infer any more than that the play had lost the charm of novelty; a thing which, considering the marvellous fertility of the time in dramatic production, might well enough have come about in the course of five or six years.

My own judgment, therefore, is, that Shakespeare's *King*

Richard the Second was written as early as 1594; that it is the play referred to in the trial of Essex and his accomplices; and that for reasons of State the deposition-scene was withheld from the press till some time after the accession of James the First, when such reasons were no longer held to be of any force.

The leading events of *King Richard the Second*, and all the persons except the Queen, the whole substance, action, and interest, are purely historical, with only such heightening of effect, such vividness of colouring, and such vital invigoration, as poetry can add without marring or displacing the truth of history; the Poet having entirely forborne that freedom of art in representative character which elsewhere issued in such delectations as Falconbridge and Falstaff. For the materials of the drama, Shakespeare was indebted, as in his other historical plays, to the pages of Holinshed; though there are several passages which show traces of his reading in the older work of Hall. In the current of Holinshed's narrative, the quarrel of Bolingbroke and Norfolk strikes in so abruptly, is so inexplicable in its origin, and so teeming with great results, as to form, naturally and of itself, the beginning of the manifold national tragedy which ends only with the catastrophe of *King Richard the Third*. The cause indeed of that quarrel is hardly less obscure in the history than in the play: it stands out almost as something uncaused, so that there was no need of going behind it; while at the same time it proves the germ of such a vast and varied procession of historical events as to acquire the highest importance.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

King Richard the Second.
John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.
Henry of Bolingbroke, his Son.
Edmund, Duke of York.
Edward, his Son, Duke of Aumerle.
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey.
John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.
Sir John Bushy,
Sir William Bagot, } Creatures of the King.
Sir Henry Green,
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.
Henry Percy, his Son.
Earl of Berkley.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater. Lord Ross.
Thomas Merks, Bishop of Carlisle.
The Abbot of Westminster.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Captain of a Band of Welshmen.

Isabella, Queen to Richard.
Duchess of York.
Duchess of Gloster.
A Lady attending the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

Scene: *Dispersedly in England and Wales.*

KING RICHARD THE SECOND

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING RICHARD, *attended;* GAUNT, *and other* Nobles.

K. RICH. Old John of Gaunt,[1] time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,[2]
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,[3]
Which then our leisure[4] would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
GAUNT. I have, my liege.
K. RICH. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?
GAUNT. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent[5] danger seen in him
Aim'd at your Highness; no inveterate malice.
K. RICH. Then call them to our presence: face to face,

[1] The Duke of Lancaster was born in 1340, in the city of Ghent, Flanders, and thence called John of Gaunt. At the time referred to in the text, 1398, he was only fifty-eight years old. The language here applied to him is such as we should hardly use of a man under eighty. At that time men were often married at fifteen, and were commonly reckoned *old* at fifty; and to reach the age of sixty was as uncommon as it is now to reach fourscore.

[2] *Band* and *bond* were used indifferently for *obligation*, both of them being from the verb to *bind*. Some six weeks before the time of this scene, in a Parliament held at Shrewsbury, Lancaster had pledged himself, given his *oath* and *bond*, that his son should appear for combat at the time and place appointed. This was in accordance with ancient custom.

[3] To *appeal* was constantly used for to *accuse* or *impeach*.

[4] *Leisure* is here put for *want of leisure*. A frequent usage both in Shakespeare and other old writers. See *As You Like It*, page 46, note 1.

[5] Here, as often, *apparent* is *manifest*.—*Argument* is *theme* or *matter*.

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser and th' accusèd freely speak :—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
High-stomach'd[1] are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, *with* Bolingbroke[2] *and* Norfolk.

Boling. May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better[3] other's happiness;
Until the Heavens, envying Earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!
K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;[4]
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?
Boling. First,—Heaven be the record to my speech!—
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering[5] the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee:
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this Earth,
Or my divine soul[6] answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

[1] *Stomach* was used for *pride*, and also for *resentment*.
[2] Henry Plantagenet, the eldest son of Lancaster, was surnamed Bolingbroke from his having been born at the castle of that name in Lincolnshire.
[3] To *better* for to *surpass*. A frequent usage. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3: 'What you do *still betters* what is done.' Both here and in the text, *still* is *always*, or *continually*.
[4] Meaning, of course, *come for*, or *come on*. The Poet has many such ellipses, especially of prepositions.
[5] To *tender* a thing is to be *careful* or *tender of* it; to *hold it dear*.
[6] '*Divine* soul' for *immortal* soul; or, perhaps, in the sense of Wordsworth's well-known passage: 'Not in utter nakedness, but trailing clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home.'

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,[1]
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish,—so please my sovereign,—ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword[2] may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your Highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post[3] until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him a slanderous coward and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied[4] to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,[5]
Wherever Englishman durst set his foot.
Meantime let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of the King;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,

[1] *Note* for *mark* or *stigma*.—This was the usual way of aggravating words of accusation, contumely, or reproach. 'You lie in your teeth,' 'You lie in your throat,' 'You lie as low as to the heart,' were the three degrees; the last being the *ne plus ultra* of insult.

[2] That is, a sword drawn in a *righteous* or *just cause*.

[3] To *post* is to *hasten*; to go with the speed of a *postman*.

[4] *Tied* in the sense of *bound* or *obliged*.

[5] *Inhabitable* for *uninhabitable*; a strictly classical use of the word, the *in* having a negative force. So in Heyword's *General History of Women*, 1624: 'Where all the country was scorched by the heat of the Sun, and the place almost *inhabitable* for the multitude of serpents.' Also in Holland's Plutarch: 'That some parts of the world should be *habitable*, others *inhabitable*, according to excessive cold, extreme heat, and a mean temperature of both.'

Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.[1]
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
As to take up mine honour's pawn,[2] then stoop:
By that and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

NOR. I take it up; and by that sword I swear
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not 'light,[3]
If I be traitor or unjustly fight!

K. RICH. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great that can inherit us[4]
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

BOLING. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:
That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd[5] employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrivèd in this land
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,—
That he did plot the Duke of Gloster's death,[6]

[1] Referring to Norfolk's disclaimer of any thing that might be offensive to the King; and meaning that this disclaimer sprang from fear, not from loyalty.

[2] *Pawn* is *pledge*; referring to the glove which he throws down as his gage of battle.

[3] '*Light* for *alight*; that is, *dismount*.

[4] Here, as often, *inherit* is *possess*, or *have*; and is used as a causative verb; 'can *cause* us to have.' See *The Tempest*, page 71, note 3.

[5] *Lewd* in its old sense of *knavish*, *wicked*, or *base*. So in 1 *Henry IV.*, iii. 2: 'Such poor, such base, such *lewd*, such mean attempts.'

[6] This was Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward the Third, and so uncle to the King. Fierce, turbulent, and noted for cruelty in an age of cruel men, he was arrested for treason in 1397, and his own nephews and brothers concurred in the judgment against him. Upon his arrest he was given into the keeping of Norfolk, who pretended to conduct him to the Tower; but, when they reached the Thames, he put him on

Suggest[1] his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the Earth,
To me[2] for justice and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,[3]
How God and good men hate so foul a liar!

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,—
As he is but my father's brother's son,—
Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
Th' unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt[4] I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt

board a ship, took him to Calais, of which Norfolk was governor, and confined him in the castle. When ordered, some time afterwards, to bring his prisoner before Parliament for trial, Norfolk answered that he could not produce the Duke, because, being in the King's prison at Calais, he had there died. Holinshed says 'the King sent unto Thomas Mowbray to make the Duke secretly away.'

[1] To *prompt*, to *set on*, to *instigate* are among the old meanings of *suggest*. So in *King Henry VIII.*, i. 1: 'This holy fox, or wolf, or both, *suggests* the King our master to this last costly treaty.'

[2] 'Cries to *me*' finely expresses the subtle but stern audacity of Bolingbroke. It is a note of terror to the King, and works all the more for being so cunningly done that he cannot or dare not resent it.—*Worth*, in the next line, is *nobility, dignity*.

[3] *Slander* for *disgrace* or *shame*; that which *causes* slander.—*Blood* is *kindred* or *ancestry*.

[4] *Receipt* for the *money received*.

Upon remainder of a dear account,[1]
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queen:
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloster's death,
I slew him not; but, to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.[2]—
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grievèd soul:
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly[3] begg'd
Your Grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:
Which in myself I boldly will defend;[4]
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
In haste whereof,[5] most heartily I pray
Your Highness to assign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let 's purge this choler without letting blood.
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:[6]

[1] Meaning, perhaps, a *large* or *heavy debt*. But, more likely, the account is called *dear* because the expense was in a matter of special interest or dearness to the King. Norfolk and Aumerle, with several other peers and a large retinue of knights and esquires, were sent over to France in 1395, to negotiate a marriage between Richard and Isabella, daughter of the French King, then in her eighth year. The next year, 1396, Norfolk went to France again, and formally married Isabella in the name and behalf of his sovereign. Richard's first wife, daughter of Charles the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, and known in history as 'the good Queen Anne,' died in 1394, 'to the great greefe of hir husband, who loved hir intirelie.'

[2] This reads as if Norfolk held it his duty to slay Gloster, or, at least, to obey the King's order to that effect. But such can hardly be his meaning, since to excuse himself so, would be to accuse the King. And perhaps, by 'sworn duty,' he means his duty to shield Gloster from violence.

[3] *Exactly* for *scrupulously, expressly*, or *punctiliously*.

[4] *Defend*, here, has the sense, apparently, of *maintain*.

[5] 'In *haste whereof*' is in order to *hasten which*.

[6] The words *physician* and *incision* were meant to rhyme; and the endings of both, in accordance with old usage, are properly dissyllabic.

Forget, forgive; conclude and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.[1]—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We 'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.
GAUNT. To be a make-peace shall become my age.—
Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.
K. RICH. And, Norfolk, throw down his.
GAUNT. When, Harry, when![2]
Obedience bids I should not bid again.
K. RICH. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.[3]
NOR. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,[4]
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled[5] here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed[6] this poison.
K. RICH. Rage must be withstood.
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.[7]
NOR. Yea, but not change his[8] spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:

[1] In the old almanacs the best times for blood-letting were set down. The earliest English almanac known has those times carefully noted.
[2] *When!* was often used thus as an exclamation of impatience.
[3] *Boot* is *advantage* or *profit*. Here the meaning is, 'It 's of no use to resist.'
[4] 'That lives upon my grave in spite of death' is the meaning.
[5] *Abused, reviled*, belaboured with *opprobrious terms*, are among the old senses of *baffled*.
[6] 'The heart-blood *of him who* breathed.'
[7] Alluding, probably, to Norfolk's crest, which is said to have been a golden *leopard*.
[8] It may seem as if *his* should be *their*, to accord with *leopards*; but Norfolk probably has in mind the text, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard *his* spots?'

Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage;[1] do you begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height[2]
Before this outdared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,[3]
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive[4] of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day.[5]
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you,[6] we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officers-at-arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*exeunt.*

[1] Here, again, it may seem that *your* should be *his*. But '*your* gage' is the gage which you have made yours by taking it up. So, just before, Norfolk says 'resign *my* gage,' meaning the appellant's gage, which he has taken up.

[2] 'Impeach my *height*' means 'draw my *high descent* in question'; that is, 'show that I am not a Plantagenet.'

[3] Such base notes of *feebleness* or *imbecility*.—'Sound a *parle*' is, order the trumpeter to sound a *parley*, to settle the quarrel with talk.

[4] Here *motive* is the *moving power*, or *agent*; that is, the *tongue*, which utters the cowardly recantation. The Poet has *motive* repeatedly so.

[5] Saint Lambert's day is the 17th of September.

[6] Cannot *reconcile* or *at-one* you, or make you friends. Such is the old meaning of the word.—*Design*, in the next line, has the classical sense of *mark* or *point out*. So *designator* was 'a marshal, or master of a play or prize, who appointed every one his place, and adjudged the victory.'

Scene II. *The Same. A Room in the* Duke of Lancaster's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and the* Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's blood[1]
Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,
To stir against the butchers of his life!
But, since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault[2] that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when they[3] see the hours ripe on Earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hack'd down, and his summer-leaves all faded,
By envy's hand[4] and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine! that bed, that womb,
That mettle, that self[5] mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou livest and breathest,
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent

[1] Gaunt means his *blood*-relationship, his *consanguinity* to the Duke of Gloster. Thomas, like his brothers, John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley, was surnamed Woodstock, from the place of his birth.—*Exclaims* for *exclamations*. The Poet has many words thus shortened.

[2] Referring, evidently, to the King, whom Gaunt believes to have *caused* the murder of Gloster. As the King alone could punish the crime, and as Gaunt could not call him to account, he might well speak of it as a 'fault that we cannot correct.'

[3] *They* refers to *Heaven*, which is here used as a collective noun. Shakespeare has the same usage elsewhere.—In this line, as in many other places, *hours* is a dissyllable.

[4] *Envy*, here, is *malice*; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time.

[5] *Self* for *self-same*; a very frequent usage.

In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model[1] of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

GAUNT. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in His sight,
Hath caused his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against His minister.

DUCH. Where, then, alas, may I complain myself?[2]

GAUNT. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

DUCH. Why, then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt:
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,[3]
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometimes[4] brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

GAUNT. Sister, farewell; I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee as go with me!

DUCH. Yet one word more: Grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:[5]

[1] *Model* for *image* or *copy*; that which is *modelled*. Often so.
[2] *Complain* used reflexively; like the French *me complaindre*.
[3] *Career* is here a technical term of the tilt-yard, for the *course* or *race* from the lists or extremities of the yard to the spot where the combatants met full-tilt. The Poet has it so once again, at least.
[4] *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indiscriminately, and often, as here, in the sense of *former* or *formerly*.
[5] She is likening her wordy grief to the repeated boundings of a tennis-ball.

I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy[1] visit me.
Alack! and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?[2]
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me; let him not come there
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*exeunt.*

Scene III. *Gosford Green, near Coventry.*

Lists set out, and a throne; with Attendants. *Enter the* Duke of Surrey *as* Lord Marshal *and* Aumerle.[3]

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' appellant's trumpet.

[1] *Plashy* was the name of Gloster's residence in Essex.

[2] In the ancient English castles the naked stone walls were only lined with tapestry or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down whenever the family removed. The *offices* were the rooms for keeping the various stores of provisions; always situate within the house, on the ground-floor, and nearly adjoining each other. When dinner had been set on the board, the proper *officers* attended in these offices respectively. The Duchess, therefore, laments that, owing to the murder of her husband, all the hospitality of plenty is at an end; the walls are unfurnished, the lodging-rooms empty, and the *offices* unpeopled.

[3] The official actors in this scene are spoken of by Holinshed as follows: 'The Duke of Aumerle that day being High Constable of England, and the Duke of Surrey Marshal, placed themselves betwixt them, well armed and appointed; and when they saw their time, they first entered into the lists, with a great company of men apparelled in silk sendal, embroidered with silver both richly and curiously, every man having a tipped staff to keep the field in order.' Aumerle was Edward, the oldest son of the Duke of York, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415. Norfolk was by inheritance Earl Marshal of England; but, being one of the parties in the combat, of course he could not serve in that office. Surrey, who acted as marshal in his stead, was half-brother to the King, being the son of Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. While so serving, he is addressed as *Marshal* or *Lord Marshal.*

AUM. Why, then the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD, *who takes his seat on his throne;* GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, *and others, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter* NORFOLK *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
MAR. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms;
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel:
Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath;
As so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!
NOR. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engagèd by my oath,—
Which God defend[1] a knight should violate!—
Both to defend my loyalty and truth
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,[2]
Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me:
And, as I truly fight,[3] defend me Heaven!

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE *in armour, preceded by a* Herald.

K. RICH. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose[4] him in the justice of his cause.

[1] 'God *defend*' is the same as 'God *forbid*.' A frequent usage.
[2] Norfolk's children would share in the forfeiture incurred through his treason against the King.
[3] To fight *truly* is to fight *honestly*; that is, in a *just cause*.
[4] *Depose* as a causative verb, and in the legal sense of *making a deposition*; that is, giving evidence upon oath.

MAR. What is thy name? and wherefore comest thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom comest thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee Heaven!
BOLING. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
That he 's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of Heaven, King Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!
MAR. On pain of death, no person be so bold
Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshal and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.
BOLING. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majesty:
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farewell of our several friends.
MAR. Th' appellant in all duty greets your Highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.
K. RICH. We will descend and fold him in our arms.—
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.
BOLING. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear:
As confident as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
[*To* L. MAR.] My loving lord, I take my leave of you;—
Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle;
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regreet[1]
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
[*To* GAUNT.] O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[1] To *regreet* is, properly, to *return* a salutation: here, and in some other places, it is simply to *salute*.

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen[1] coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt,
Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

GAUNT. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubléd,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy advérse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

BOLING. Mine innocency and Saint George to thrive![2]

NOR. However God or fortune cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund as to jest[3]
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. RICH. Farewell, my lord: securely[4] I espy
Virtue with valour couchèd in thine eye.—
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

MAR. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

BOLING. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry amen.

[1] *Waxen* and *waxy* sometimes mean *soft*, or *penetrable*. So Bishop Hall, speaking of an inconstant man: 'He is servile in imitations, *waxy to persuasions*, an ape of others, and any thing rather than himself.'

[2] *To thrive* has here the force of *to speed me*, or *help me to thrive*. The expression is rather odd.

[3] *To jest* was, sometimes, to *play a part in a masque*. So in the old play of *Jeronymo*: 'He promised us to grace our banquet with some pompous *jest*.' And accordingly a masque is performed.

[4] *Securely* qualifies *couchèd*, and means *confidently*.

MAR. [*to an* Officer.] Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk.

FIRST HER. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

SEC. HER. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve[1]
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

MAR. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.—
[*a charge sounded.*
Stay, stay! the King hath thrown his warder down.[2]

K. RICH. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again.—
Withdraw with us;—and let the trumpets sound
While[3] we return these dukes what we decree.—
[*a long flourish.*
[*To the* Combatants.] Draw near,
And list what with our Council we have done.
For[4] that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fosteréd;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspéct
Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you

[1] Here, *approve* is simply *prove*, or *make good*. So in *The Merchant*, iii. 2: 'What damned error, but some sober brow will *approve* it with a text?'

[2] The *warder* was a kind of truncheon or staff used in presiding at such trials; and the combat was to *go on* or *to stop*, according as the president threw this *up* or *down*.

[3] *While* in the old sense of *until*. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1: 'We will keep ourself till supper-time alone: *while* then, God b' wi' you!' And in iv. 1 of this play: 'Read o'er this paper *while* the glass doth come.'

[4] This use of *for* in the sense of *because* was very common.

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Therefore we banish you our territories:—
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

BOLING. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

K. RICH. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate[1]
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:[2]
The hopeless word of *Never to return*
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

NOR. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd-for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit,[3] not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deservèd at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more
Than an unstringèd viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony:
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailer to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:

[1] '*Fly-slow* hours' is, no doubt, *slow-flying* hours.—*Determinate* for *terminate* simply. Still used so in legal language.

[2] *Dear* was formerly applied indifferently to objects of love or hate, and to occasions of extreme pleasure and extreme pain. Shakespeare often has it as in the text. See *Twelfth Night*, page 82, note 1.

[3] As the Poet has before used *model* for the thing *modelled*, that is, the *copy*; so here he has *merit* for the thing *merited*, that is, the *reward*.

What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be so passionate:[1]
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to God,—
Our part therein we banish with yourselves,[2]—
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall—so help you truth and God!—
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This louring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advisèd[3] purpose meet
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill
'Gainst us, our State, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.
Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:[4]
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepúlchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.
Nor. No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence!

[1] *Passionate* is *sorrowful*, or *perturbed with grief*. So in *King John*, ii. 1, it is said of Constance, 'She's sad and *passionate*.' See Critical Notes.

[2] Writers on the law of nations are divided in opinion whether an exile is still bound by his allegiance to the State that banished him. Shakespeare here is of the side of those who hold the negative.—Staunton.

[3] *Advisèd* is *deliberate, premeditated*. Repeatedly so.

[4] Ritson's explanation of this is probably right: 'Bolingbroke only uses the phrase by way of caution, lest Mowbray should think he was about to address him as a friend. "Norfolk," says he, "so far as a man may speak to his enemy," etc.' So in Fletcher's *Woman's Prize*, iii. 3: 'Yet thus far, Livia: your sorrow may induce me to forgive you, but never love again.'

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.—
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stray:
Save back to England, all the world 's my way. [*exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grievèd heart: thy sad aspéct
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[*To* Boling.] Six frozen Winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging Winters and four wanton Springs
End in a word: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exíle:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen[1] sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:[2]
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lour?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth[3] his fault I should have been more mild:

[1] *Dark, dismal, gloomy,* are among the old senses of *sullen.*
[2] 'Your tongue had a *part* or *share* in the verdict I pronounced.'
[3] To *smooth* for to *extenuate.* Sometimes it is to *flatter.*

A partial slander[1] sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make[2] mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* King Richard *and Train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence[3] must not know,
From where you do remain let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six Winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforcèd pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil,[4] wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticehood
To foreign passages;[5] and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

[1] 'A partial slander' is a slanderous charge of partiality.
[2] The infinitive *to make* is here used *gerundively*; equivalent to *in making*. See *Measure for Measure*, page 49, note 3.
[3] *Presence* for *majesty*, and used because the King's presence has hitherto prevented Aumerle from speaking.
[4] *Foil* is that which sets off something, or makes it show to advantage. The Poet has it repeatedly so.
[5] *Passages* for *journeyings; passings to and fro.*

GAUNT. All places that the eye of Heaven[1] visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.[2]
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exíled thee; or suppose
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,[3]
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure[4] or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
BOLING. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic Summer's[5] heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good

[1] This seems to have been a favourite metaphor with the poets for the Sun. So in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 3, 4:

'From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside: her angel's face,
As *the great eye of heaven*, shinèd bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place.'

[2] The Poet probably had in mind Euphues' exhortation to Botomio to take his exile patiently: 'Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath a house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world. Plato would never accompt him banished that had the sunne, fire, ayre, water, and earth that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined; whereby he noted that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'

[3] The *presence-chamber*, which used to be strewed with rushes for carpeting. The Poet repeatedly notes the use of such carpeting.

[4] A *measure* was a dignified sort of dance; described in *Much Ado* as 'full of state and ancientry.'—*Gnarling*, next line, is *snarling* or *growling*.

[5] 'Fantastic Summer' is probably a Summer existing only in imagination or in *fantasy*.

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.
GAUNT. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
BOLING. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.[1] [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Court.*

Enter, from one side, KING RICHARD, BAGOT, *and* GREEN; *from the other,* AUMERLE.

K. RICH. We did observe.[2]—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought[3] you high Hereford on his way?
AUM. I brought *high Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. RICH. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
AUM. Faith, none for me;[4] except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum,[5] and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. RICH. What said our cousin when you parted with him?
AUM. *Farewell:*
And, for my heart disdainèd that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

[1] The Duke of Norfolk departed sorrowfully out of the realm into Almain, and at the last came to Venice, where he, for thought and melancholy, deceased. The Duke of Hereford took his journey over into Calais, and from thence into France, where he remained. A wonder it was to see what a number of people ran after him in every town and street where he came, before he took to sea, lamenting and bewailing his departure, as who would say that, when he departed, the only shield and comfort of the commonwealth was faded and gone.—HOLINSHED.

[2] The King here speaks to Green and Bagot, who are supposed to have been talking to him of Bolingbroke's 'courtship to the common people.'

[3] To *bring* was in frequent use for to *attend*, to *escort*.

[4] *For me* here means *on my side*, or *my part*.

[5] *Rheum* was used for the secretions of the eyes, the nose, and the mouth, indifferently. Here, of course, *tears*.

Marry,[1] would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of *farewells*;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,[2]
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people;
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects[3] with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,[4]
With *Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;*
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland:
Expedient manage[5] must be made, my liege,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers, with too great a Court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;[6]
The révenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,

[1] *Marry* was continually used as a general intensive, equivalent to *indeed, verily*, etc. Originally an oath by the Virgin Mary.

[2] '*'Tis doubt*' for ''tis *doubtful*.' Repeatedly so.

[3] *Affects* for *affections*. A frequent usage.

[4] Courtesying, a gesture of respect used only by women in our time, was formerly practised by men. Sometimes called *making a leg*.

[5] *Expedient manage* is *speedy arrangement* or *order; expedient* being used just as *expeditious* is now.

[6] To *farm*, as the word is here used, is to let out on contract; to sell commissions for collecting taxes, the buyers being allowed to make what they can by the process. When this was done, greedy contractors often had full license for fleecing and even skinning the people.

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,[1]
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.—

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

BUSHY. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath sent post-haste
T' entreat your Majesty to visit him.

K. RICH. Where lies he?

BUSHY. At Ely-house.

K. RICH. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let 's all go visit him:
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late!

[*exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the* DUKE OF YORK[2] *and others standing by him.*

GAUNT. Will the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

[1] The common bruit ran, that the King had set to farm the realm of England unto Sir William Scroop, Earl of Wiltshire, and then Treasurer of England, Sir John Bushy, Sir William Bagot, and Sir Henry Green, knights. Many blank charters were devised, and brought into the city, which many of the substantial and wealthy citizens were fain to seal, to their great charge, as in the end appeared. And the like charters were sent abroad into all the shires within the realm; whereby great grudge and murmuring arose among the people: for, when they were sealed, the King's officers wrote in the same what liked them, as well for charging the parties with payment of money, as otherwise.—HOLINSHED.

[2] Edward the Third had five sons who grew to manhood. Edmund, Duke of York, the fourth of these, was born in 1341 at Langley, near St. Albans; hence called 'Edmund of Langley.' He is said to have been 'of an indolent disposition, a lover of pleasure, and averse to business; easily prevailed upon to lie still, and consult his own quiet, and never acting with spirit upon any occasion.'

YORK. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
GAUNT. O, but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to gloze;[1]
More are men's ends mark'd than their lives before:
The setting Sun, and music at the close,[2]—
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest,—last
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
YORK. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond;[3]
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,[4]
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,—
So it be new, there's no respect[5] how vile,—
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's[6] regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
GAUNT. Methinks I am a prophet new-inspired,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:

[1] To *gloze* is to wheedle and cajole with fair and soothing speeches; to flatter. To *gloss*, meaning to *explain away*, is from the same original.

[2] 'Music at the *close*' is a musical *cadence*, what Duke Orsino, in *Twelfth Night*, terms 'a dying fall.' And Bacon says, 'The *falling* from a discord to a concord maketh great sweetness in music.'

[3] The sense implied is, that if even the wise are fond of praises, much more so is Richard.

[4] In Shakespeare's time the Italian Courts led all Europe in fashion and splendour; as much so as Paris in later times.

[5] Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *respect* is *consideration.—Buzz'd*, in the next line, is *whispered*. Often so.

[6] *Wit* was used in reference to all the faculties of knowledge. Here it is *judgment* or *understanding*. The sense of the text is, 'where will rebels against the instructions of reason.'

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy[1] of less happy lands;
This blessèd plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed,[2] and famous by their birth,
Renownèd for their deeds as far from home—
For Christian service and true chivalry—
As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessèd Mary's Son;—
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out—I die pronouncing it—
Like to a tenement or pelting[3] farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, 's now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

[1] *Envy*, again, for *malice* or *hatred*. See page 17, note 4.
[2] 'Feared by *reason of* their breed' is the meaning.
[3] *Pelting* is *paltry* or *petty*. A frequent usage. So in Bishop Hall's *Contemplations*: 'To tender a trade of so invaluable a commodity to these *pelting petty* chapmen, for thirty poor silverlings, it was no less base than wicked.'

Enter KING RICHARD *and the* QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

YORK. The King is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being curb'd, do rage the more.
QUEEN. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. RICH. What comfort, man? how is't with aged Gaunt?
GAUNT. O, how that name befits my composition![1]
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast,—I mean, my children's looks;
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.[2]
K. RICH. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
GAUNT. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,[3]
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. RICH. Should dying men flatter with those that live?
GAUNT. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
K. RICH. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
GAUNT. O, no! thou diest, though I the sicker be.
K. RICH. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
GAUNT. Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;
Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick;
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

[1] *Composition*, here, seems to combine the two senses of *state of mind* and of *bodily condition*.

[2] Upon this strange speech, Coleridge has the following: 'Yes! on a death-bed there is a feeling which may make all things appear but as puns and equivocations. And a passion there is that carries off its own excess by plays on words as naturally, and therefore as appropriately to drama, as by gesticulations, looks, or tones.' Schlegel also defends the passage on similar grounds. Nevertheless the thing seems to me a decided blot; I cannot accept it either as right in itself or on the score of dramatic fitness.

[3] This is supposed to be done by the banishment of his son, as leaving Gaunt without an heir to keep his name alive.

Committ'st thy 'nointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incagèd in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd[1] now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease;
But, for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law;[2]
And—

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence.
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly[3] in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son:
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused.
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,—
Whom fair befall in Heaven 'mongst happy souls!—
May be a precedent and witness good
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:

[1] *Possess'd* is here used in two senses; the first being possessed *of the crown*, the other, possessed by an evil spirit, that is, *mad*.

[2] 'Thy legal state, that rank in the State and those large demesnes which the law gives thee are now bond-slave to the law; being subject to the same legal restrictions as every pelting farm that is let on a lease.'

[3] *Roundly* is *freely, boldly, bluntly*; as *round* was used for *out-spoken, plain*, or *downright*.

Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crookèd age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live[1] that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out by his* Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens have;[2]
For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. Beseech your Majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford,[3] were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true: as Hereford's love, so his;
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:[4]
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,[5]

[1] That is, '*Let them* love, or *care* to live,' etc.

[2] *Sullens* appears to be the old name for what we call *horrors*. So in Milton's *Colasterion*: 'No, says he; let them *die of the sullens*, and try who will pity them.' Also in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, iii. 2: 'Let women die o' the *sullens* too; 'tis natural: but be sure their daughters be of age first.'

[3] York's meaning is, 'He holds you as dear as he holds his own son, Bolingbroke'; but the King chooses to take him as meaning, 'He holds you as dear as his son holds you.'

[4] The meaning probably is, 'our pilgrimage must be *spent*'; though Mason explains it, 'our pilgrimage is yet to come.'

[5] *Kerns* were the rude foot-soldiery of Ireland. Stanihurst, in his *Description of Ireland*, speaks of them thus: '*Kerns* signifieth (as noblemen of deep judgment informed me) a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than rakehels, or the divels blackeguard.' Called *rug-*

Which live like venom, where no venom else
But only they hath privilege to live.[1]
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, révenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
YORK. How long shall I be patient? ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes,[2] nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage,[3] nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion raged more fierce,[4]
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.
K. RICH. Why, uncle, what 's the matter?
YORK. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleased

headed, probably because, as Spenser says, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, they had 'a thicke curled bush of haire, hanging downe over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them.'

[1] Alluding to the notion that no venomous reptiles live in Ireland.

[2] *Gaunt's* is the objective genitive, as it is called: the rebukes which Gaunt suffered, or of which he was the object.

[3] Bolingbroke, on going into France, after his banishment, was honourably entertained at the French Court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the Duke of Berry, uncle to the French King, had not Richard interfered, and prevented the match.

[4] '*There* never was *a* lion *that* raged more *fiercely*,' is the meaning. Shakespeare often omits the relative pronoun in such cases.

Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself,—for how art thou a king
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God,—God forbid I say true!—
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters-patents[1] that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,[2]
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposèd hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood
That their events[3] can never fall out good. [*exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house
To see this business. To-morrow next

[1] Such was the usage of the time. We should write *letters patent*. The term is so used in distinction from *letters close*, *patent* being *open*; and it means a writing executed and sealed or stamped, by which a person is authorised or empowered to do some act or enjoy some right. So, with us, a certificate of *copy-right* is a *letter patent*.

[2] On the death of a person holding lands by feudal tenure, his heir, if under age, became the King's ward; but, if of age, he had a right to procure a writ of *ouster le main*, or *livery*, that the King's hand might be taken off, and the lands *delivered* to him. To deny, that is, *refuse*, his offered homage, was, in effect, to withhold the lands from him.—The *attorneys-general* here meant were not the officers of the Crown, but Bolingbroke's own attorneys, authorised to represent him *generally*, according to the scope of the letters patent.

[3] *Events*, here, is *results* or *consequences*.—'*By* bad courses' means *of*, or *with* reference to, bad courses.

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England;
For he is just, and always loved us well.—
Come on, our Queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, *and* BAGOT.

NORTH. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.
ROSS. And living too; for now his son is duke.
WILLO. Barely in title, not in révenue.
NORTH. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
ROSS. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.
NORTH. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
WILLO. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
ROSS. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
NORTH. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,[1]
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
ROSS. The commons hath he pill'd[2] with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
WILLO. And daily new exactions are devised,

[1] *Inform*, here, is *give informations*; that is, bring accusations.
[2] *Pill'd* is *pillaged* or *plundered*. *Pillage* and *pilfer* are from the same original. So in one of South's Sermons: 'The Church is every one's prey, and the shepherds are *pilled* and polled and fleeced by none more than by their own flocks.'

As blanks, benevolences,[1] and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?[2]
NORTH. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors achieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.
Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
WILLO. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
NORTH. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.
NORTH. His noble kinsman:—most degenerate King!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,[3]
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.[4]
Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided[5] is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.
NORTH. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
WILLO. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.
Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts;[6] therefore be bold.
NORTH. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

[1] *Benevolences* were what we should call *forced loans*. Stowe records that the King 'compelled all the religious, gentlemen, and commons, to set their seals to *blanks*, to the end that he might, if it pleased him, oppress them severally, or all at once.' See page 31, note 1.

[2] The sense properly requires *will* instead of *doth*: 'what will *come to be*, or will *result from* this?'

[3] So in *The Tempest*, ii. 2: 'Another storm brewing; I hear it *sing* i' the wind.'

[4] *Securely* in the sense of the Latin *securus; negligently* or *carelessly*. The Poet often uses *secure* thus.—*Strike* is here a nautical term. To *strike* sail is to *lower* sail.

[5] *Unavoided* for *unavoidable*. So in *King Richard the Third*, iv. 4: 'All *unavoided* is the doom of destiny.' Shakespeare uses various words so; as *unvalued* for *invaluable*, *imagined* for *imaginable*, and *unnumbered* for *innumerable*.

[6] 'Thy words, spoken to us, are but as *things not spoken*: you will be just as safe as if you had but *thought* them *with yourself*.'

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,
[Thomas, the son and heir to th' Earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,[1]
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,—
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,[2]
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,[3]
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post[4] to Ravenspurg;
But, if you faint,[5] as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [*exeunt.*

[1] The Duke of Exeter was John Holland, brother to the Duke of Surrey, and half-brother to the King. According to Holinshed, Thomas Arundel had been consigned to his keeping, but had broken away, and fled to Bolingbroke. He was not the *brother*, as here stated, but the nephew of Archbishop Arundel. The matter is given by Holinshed thus: 'The Earl of Arundel's son, named Thomas, which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house, escaped out of the realm, and went to his uncle, Thomas Arundel late Archbishop of Canterbury, and then sojourning at Cullen. Duke Henry, chiefly through the earnest persuasions of the late Archbishop, who had been removed from his See and banished the realm, got him down to Brittany; and there were certain ships rigged for him at a place called Le Port Blanc: and when all his provisions were made ready he took the sea, together with the said Archbishop and his nephew, Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the late Earl of Arundel beheaded at the Tower-hill.'

[2] *Expedience* for *expedition, speed,* or *dispatch.* See page 30, note 5.

[3] When the wing-feathers of a hawk were lost or broken, new ones were artificially inserted. This was 'to imp a hawk.' So Milton, in one of his Sonnets: 'To *imp* their serpent wings.' The word is from the Saxon *impan*, to *graft.*

[4] *In post* is the same as *in haste.* See page 11, note 3.

[5] That is, 'if you are *faint-hearted.*' So in Bacon's essay *Of Atheism*: 'Atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they *fainted* in it within themselves.'

Scene II. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Queen, Bushy, *and* Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.
Queen. To please the King, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.[1]
Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazèd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like pérspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form:[2] so your sweet Majesty,

[1] This presentimental depression of spirits, which who has not sometimes felt? is thus commented on by Coleridge: 'Mark in this scene Shakespeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terræ incognitæ* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken once for all as the truth, that Shakespeare, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his Muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind.'

[2] Of these *perspectives* there were various kinds, and the Poet has several references to them. Hobbes, in his Answer to Davenant's Preface to *Gondibert*, thus describes one kind: 'You have seen a curious kind of *perspective*, where he that looks through a short hollow pipe upon a picture containing divers figures sees none of those that are painted, but some one person made up of their parts, conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass.' I have seen sign-boards so arranged that, if you stood to the right, you would see one name distinctly; if to the left, another; if directly in front a confusion of the two. Something of like sort seems referred to in the text: 'eyed awry,' that is, seen obliquely, the form was truly distinguished; 'rightly gazed upon,' that is, seen directly, it 'showed nothing but confusion.'

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious Queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or, if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

QUEEN. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise: howe'er it be
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thing I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

BUSHY. 'Tis nothing but conceit,[1] my gracious lady.

QUEEN. 'Tis nothing less:[2] conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;[3]
But what it is—that is not yet known what—
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

GREEN. God save your Majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope the King is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

QUEEN. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd?

GREEN. That he, our hope, might have retired[4] his power,
And driven into despair an enemy's hope;
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:

[1] The Poet always uses *conceit* in a good sense. Here it is *imagination* or *fancy*.

[2] ''Tis nothing less than that' is an old equivalent for the phrase, ''Tis any thing but that.' Here, again, *still* is *always* or *constantly*.

[3] This passage is made dark by elaborate verbal play. The meaning seems to be, that either nothing has caused her grief, or else there really is somewhat in the nothing that she grieves about. And she *possesses* her grief in *reversion*, as something which, though really hers, she has no right to claim till the coming of the event that is to cause it.

[4] To *draw back* or *withdraw* is among the old senses of *retire*.

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,[1]
And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
At Ravenspurg.
QUEEN. Now God in Heaven forbid!
GREEN. O madam, 'tis too true: and, what is worse,
The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The Lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
BUSHY. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolted faction,
Traitors?
GREEN. We have: whereupon the Earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,[2]
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
QUEEN. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.
BUSHY. Despair not, madam.
QUEEN. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.[3]
GREEN. Here comes the Duke of York.
QUEEN. With signs of war about his aged neck:
O, full of careful[4] business are his looks!

Enter YORK.

Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable[5] words.
YORK. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:

[1] That is, repeals *the sentence of exile against* himself. We should say, '*recalls* himself.' The Poet often uses *repeal* so.
[2] The Earl of Worcester was Thomas Percy, brother to Northumberland. The staff he broke was his official badge as Lord High Steward.
[3] Which false hope *causes to linger* in *extreme distress*.
[4] *Careful* for *anxious*, or *full of care*.—The 'signs of war' are the upper parts of his armour: his *gorget* or throat-covering.
[5] *Comfortable* for *comforting*; the passive form with the active sense. Such was the common usage of the time.

Comfort 's in Heaven; and we are on the Earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord, your son was gone before I came.
YORK. He was?—Why, so! go all which way it will!
The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
SERV. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I callèd there:—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.
YORK. What is it, knave?
SERV. An hour before I came, the duchess died.
YORK. God for His mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth[1] had not provoked him to it,)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.[2]—
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say;[3] pray, pardon me.—
[*To the* Serv.] Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit* Servant.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I
Know how or which way t' order these affairs,

[1] *Untruth* for *unfaithfulness*, or *disloyalty*. The Poet has *truth* repeatedly in the opposite sense.

[2] Shakespeare may have confounded the death of Arundel, who was *beheaded*, with that of Gloster, who was said to have been *smothered*.

[3] This is one of the Poet's touches of nature. York is talking to the Queen, his cousin; but the death of his sister, the Duchess, is uppermost in his thoughts.

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign,[1] whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other, again,
Is my near kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred[2] bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
I should to Plashy too;
But time will not permit:—all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.[3]

[*Exeunt* YORK *and the* QUEEN.

BUSHY. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

GREEN. Besides, our nearness to the King in love
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

BAGOT. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and who[4] empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

BUSHY. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

BAGOT. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the King.

GREEN. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol-castle:
The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

BUSHY. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful[5] commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

BAGOT. No; I'll to Ireland to his Majesty.
Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

BUSHY. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

GREEN. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes

[1] Here, *sovereign* is, properly, a trisyllable. Often so.
[2] *Kindred* in the sense of *kinship* or *consanguinity*.
[3] That is, all is *in confusion*; an old proverbial phrase.
[4] *Who* for *whoever* or *whoso*; a frequent usage in poetry.
[5] *Hateful* for *hating*, or *full of hate*. So in 2 *King Henry the Sixth*, iii. 4: 'Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their *hateful* looks.' *Office* for *service*.

Is numbering sands, and drinking oceans dry:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
BAGOT. Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.
BUSHY. Well, we may meet again.
BAGOT. I fear me, never.
[*exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

BOLING. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
NORTH. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glostershire:
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and délectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy[1] is little less in joy
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
BOLING. Of much less value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?
NORTH. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.[2]—

Enter HENRY PERCY.

Harry, how fares your uncle?
PERCY. I had thought, my lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.
NORTH. Why, is he not with the Queen?

[1] *To joy* is here a verb, meaning the same as *to enjoy*.
[2] That is, 'sent from my brother, whencesoever *he may come*.'

PERCY. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the King.
NORTH. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved when last we spake together.
PERCY. Because your lordship was proclaimèd traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.
NORTH. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?
PERCY. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
NORTH. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.
PERCY. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days[1] shall ripen, and confirm
To more approvèd service and desert.
BOLING. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.
NORTH. How far is it to Berkley? and what stir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?
PERCY. There stands the castle, by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, York, Berkley, Seymour;
None else of name and noble estimate.
NORTH. Here come the Lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

BOLING. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury

[1] We should say *later* instead of *elder*. But '*elder* days' is put for 'days *of an older man*.' So in *Cymbeline*, v. 1: 'You some permit to second ills with ills, each *elder* worse,' etc.

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who is't comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Enter Berkley.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is—*to Lancaster*;[1]
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come,—what lord you will,—
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,[2]
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.[3]
Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his Grace in person.—

Enter York *attended.*

My noble uncle! [*kneels.*
York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable[4] and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle!—
York. Tut, tut!

[1] 'I will answer you when you address me as Lancaster.' He takes Berkley's *Hereford* as a malicious ignoring of his proper title.

[2] *Absent time* for *time of absence*; meaning, of course, the absence of the King. So, in *Othello*, iii. 4, we have 'lovers' *absent hours*' for '*hours of* lovers' *absence*.'

[3] '*Self-born* arms' are the arms, or the *armed men*, that peace has herself brought forth and bred.

[4] *Deceivable* for *deceiving* or *deceptive*. This indiscriminate use of active and passive forms is very frequent in Shakespeare. Thus we have *disputable* for *disputatious*, and *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 79, note 1.

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word *grace*
In an ungracious mouth is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But, then, more *why*,—why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war
And ostentation of despoiling arms?
Comest thou because th'anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth[1]
As when brave Gaunt thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chástise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

BOLING. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it and wherein?

YORK. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man; and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving[2] arms against thy sovereign.

BOLING. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent[3] eye:
You are my father, for methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O, then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond; my rights and royalties[4]
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?

[1] 'The *lord* of such hot *youth*' is the *owner* of such hot *youthful blood*.
[2] *Braving* is *defiant*, or *full of bravado*.
[3] *Indifferent* in its old sense of *impartial*. So in Baret's *Alvearie*: '*Æquus judex*, a just and *indifferent* judge; nothing partial.'
[4] His *royalties* were the privileges belonging to him as a prince of the *blood royal*.

If that my cousin king be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs,[1] and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd[2] and sold;
And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

NORTH. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

ROSS. It stands your Grace upon[3] to do him right.

WILLO. Base men by his endowments are made great.

YORK. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

NORTH. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath!

YORK. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms:
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left;
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King:

[1] *Wrongs* for *wrongers*; the effect for the cause. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2, we have *reports* for *reporters*.—A hunted animal was said to be at *bay*, when it could run no further, and had no way but to turn upon the hunters.

[2] *Distrain'd* is *seized*, or *taken possession of, by violence*.

[3] 'It is your Grace's *bounden duty*.' So in Hooker's *Answer to Travers*: 'The weightier the cause, the more it *stood him upon* to take good heed that nothing were rashly done or spoken in it.'

But, since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell,—
Unless you please to enter in[1] the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

BOLING. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol-castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

YORK. It may be I will go with you: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcóme you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [*exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY *and a* Captain.

CAP. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

SAL. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

CAP. 'Tis thought the King is dead; we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,[2]
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced Moon looks bloody on the Earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:[3]

[1] The Poet often uses *in* and *into* indiscriminately.

[2] So in Holinshed: 'In this yeare (1399), in a maner, throughout all the realme of England, old *baie trees withered*, and afterwards, contrarie to all men's thinking, grew greene againe,—a strange sight, and supposed to import some unknowne event.' This was thought ominous, the bay-tree being held sacred. So in Lupton's *Booke of Notable Thinges*: 'Neyther falling sycknes, neyther devyll, wyll infest or hurt one in that place whereas a Bay-tree is. The Romaynes calles it the plant of the good angell.'

[3] The language is rather boldly elliptical; but the meaning is, 'The other *in hope* to enjoy by rage and war.'

These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead. [*exit.*

SAL. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base[1] Earth from the firmament!
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. [*exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. BOLINGBROKE'S *Camp at Bristol.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers *behind with* BUSHY *and* GREEN, *Prisoners.*

BOLING. Bring forth these men.—
Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part[2] your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean:[3]
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myself—a prince by fortune of my birth,

[1] Here *base* is *lower*; as in the phrase '*base* court.' See page 67, note 3.
[2] *Part* and *depart* were often used interchangeably; and Shakespeare has the phrases, '*depart* the chambers,' and '*depart* the field.'
[3] *Happy* in the sense of the Latin *felix; prosperous* or *fortunate.* Of course, *unhappied* is *made unfortunate. Clean* is *entirely, utterly.* So in the 77th Psalm: 'Is His mercy *clean* gone for ever?' And in Isaiah xxiv. 19: 'The earth is *utterly* broken down, the earth is *clean* dissolved.'

Near to the King in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,[1]
Dispark'd my parks,[2] and fell'd my forest-woods,
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my imprese,[3] leaving me no sign,
Save men's opinions and my living blood,
To show the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
To execution and the hand of death.

BUSHY. More welcome is the stroke of death to me
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

GREEN. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of Hell.

BOLING. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.—
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND *and others, with the Prisoners.*
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated:[4]
Tell her I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

YORK. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

BOLING. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday. [*exeunt.*

[1] A *signory* is a manor, estate, or whatever constitutes a lordship.
[2] To *dispark* is to divest a park of its name and character by breaking down the enclosure, and destroying the beasts of the chase therein.
[3] The *imprese* was a device with a motto. When stained glass was in use, it was common for a man to have his coat-of-arms annealed in his windows; and Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, says, 'The arms of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wherever found.'
[4] To *entreat* is used several times by the Poet for to *treat*.

Scene II. *The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.*

Flourish; drums and trumpets. Enter King Richard, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, *and* Soldiers, *with colours.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly-castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your Grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child[1]
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee:
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortal[2] touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjuration,[3] lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armèd soldiers, ere her native King
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.
Car. Fear not, my lord: that Power that made you king
Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.

[1] 'As a mother long parted *from* her child' is the prose order of the words. The Poet has many similar transpositions.
[2] Here, as usual, *mortal* is *deadly*, that which *kills*. It was commonly believed that the double, or *forked*, tongue of snakes had a poisonous sting.
[3] The meaning may be, 'Mock not my conjuration *as* senseless.' Or it may be, that his words are senseless, as addressed to a thing *devoid of sense*.

The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse,
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.
AUM. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,[1]
Grows strong and great in substance and in friends.
K. RICH. Discomfortable[2] cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested[3] sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this time hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with th' Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough-rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd[4] steel against our golden crown,
God for His Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angel: then, if Angels fight,
Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the right.—

[1] *Security* for *negligence* or *over-confidence*. See page 40, note 4.
[2] *Discomfortable* for *discomforting*. See page 49, note 4.
[3] *Detested* for *detestable*, probably. See page 40, note 5.
[4] *Shrewd* is *sharp, biting*. So a *shrew* is, properly, a *sharp*-tongued person.—*Press'd* is *impressed*; that is, *forced* into the service.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
SAL. Nor near'[1] nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on Earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men!
To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, or fled.
AUM. Comfort, my liege: why looks your Grace so pale?
K. RICH. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.
AUM. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.
K. RICH. I had forgot myself: am I not king?
Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the King's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a King: are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

SCROOP. More health and happiness betide my liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!
K. RICH. Mine ear is open and my heart prepared:
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

[1] *Near'* for *nearer*, as we elsewhere have *far'* for *farther*. So in Daniel's *Letter of Octavia to Antony*: 'I was commanded to approach no *near*.' Also in Drayton's *Eclogue vii.*: 'Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the *near*.'

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve Him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us:
Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

SCROOP. Glad am I that your Highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolved to tears;
So high above his[1] limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless[2] scalps
Against thy majesty; boys with women's voices
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown;
Thy very beadsmen[3] learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew[4] against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. RICH. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they 've made peace with Bolingbroke.

[1] Here *his* refers, apparently, to *Bolingbroke*. In what follows, the image of a river is kept up; *limits* being put for the *banks* within which the stream of Bolingbroke's action ought to be confined.

[2] That is, *some* with thin hair, *others* with none at all.

[3] A *beadsman* is, properly, one who prays for another's welfare: here the word seems to mean the men whose chief occupation is prayer. To 'bid the beads' is to pray through the rosary; that is, to say as many prayers as there are beads on the string.

[4] The *yew* is called *double-fatal*, because the leaves are poisonous, and also because the wood was used for *bows*, instruments of death.

SCROOP. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord.
K. RICH. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases,[1] each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!
SCROOP. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low, graved[2] in the hollow ground.
AUM. Is Bushy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltshire dead?
SCROOP. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.
AUM. Where is the duke my father with his power?
K. RICH. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the Earth.
Let 's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model[3] of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been deposed; some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;[4]
Some poison'd by their wives; some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown

[1] A slip of memory, I suspect, on the Poet's part, either here or before when *four* are named. In fact, only three of the favourites had made their peace by death: Bagot had fled to Ireland to join Richard there.

[2] This verb is not peculiar to Shakespeare. George Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, makes the Duke of Suffolk say, 'And my hedles body, vouchsafe to see it *graved*.'

[3] *Model* and *module* were the same in Shakespeare's time; and the word is probably used here in the sense of the Latin *modulus*, a *measure*.

[4] Meaning, probably, the ghosts *of those* they have deposed. An elliptical way of speaking not uncommon with the Poet.

That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state,[1] and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,[2]
As if this flesh, which walls-about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,[3]
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-wall, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition,[4] form, and ceremonious duty;
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—subjécted thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

CAR. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:[5]
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where[6] fearing dying pays death servile breath.

AUM. My father hath a power: inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

[1] So in 1 *King Henry the Sixth*, iv. 7: 'Thou *antic* death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.' The image is thought to have been suggested by some fine emblematic wood-cuts called *Imagines Mortis*, a fac-simile of which is given in Douce's book, *The Dance of Death*. Death is there represented taking off an emperor's crown, not keeping his Court in it. So that it could, at the most, but have *suggested*, not *furnished*, the image in the text.

[2] 'Self and vain conceit' is the same as vain self-conceit. The Poet has several like forms of expression; as in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: 'My strange and self-abuse.'

[3] *Humour'd* is probably to be construed with *he* or *the king* understood, and not with *Death*: 'the king *being* humour'd thus.' This takes *to humour* in the ordinary sense of to indulge one's caprices, to cosset his whims.

[4] *Tradition*, if it be the right word, must here mean *old usage, precedent*, or *ancestral loyalty* to the king's person. See Critical Notes.

[5] Another gerundial infinitive, and equivalent to *in* or *by fighting*.

[6] *Where* for *whereas*; a common and very frequent usage with the writers of that time. So, too, we often have *whereas* for *where*.

K. Rich. Thou chidest me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An easy task it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.
K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
[*To* Aum.] Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? what comfort have we now?
By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To ear[1] the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.
Aum. My liege, one word.
K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*exeunt.*

[1] To *ear* is to *plough* or to *till*. So in *All's Well*, i. 3: 'He that *ears* my land spares my team.' Also in Genesis xlv. 6: 'And yet there are five years, in which there shall neither be *earing* nor harvest.'

Scene III. *Wales. Before Flint-Castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, Bolingbroke *and Forces;* York, Northumberland, *and others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.
York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland
To say *King Richard*: 'lack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.
Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mistake: the Heavens are o'er our heads.
Boling. I know it, uncle; and I not oppose
Myself against their will. But who comes here?—

Enter Henry Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.
Boling. Royally!
Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and stone:
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence,—who I cannot learn.
North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle.

BOLING. [*to* NORTH.] Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restored again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the Summer's dust with showers of blood
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go, signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
[NORTHUM. *advances to the castle with a trumpet.*
Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from this castle's tatter'd[1] battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.[2]
Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters,—on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter, on the walls, KING RICHARD, *the* BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

YORK. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented Sun

[1] *Tatter'd* is *ragged*. In the Induction to 2 *Henry the Fourth*, Rumour calls Northumberland's castle 'this worm-eaten hold of *ragged* stone.'
[2] *Perused* is *examined, marked*. Often so. *Appointments* is *equipments*, comprehending the usual furniture of war. Also a frequent usage.

From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. [*to* North.] We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty[1] to our presence?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane,[2] steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls by turning them from us,[3]
And we are barren and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my Master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in His clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke,—for yond methinks he stands,—
That every stride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treason: he is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;[4]

[1] '*Awful* duty' here means, apparently, duty of *awe*, that is, *due reverence*. A like use of *awful* occurs in 2 *Henry the Fourth*, iv. 1: 'We come within our *awful* banks again.' And in Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*: 'And kings sat still with *awful* eye.'

[2] To *profane*, as the word is here used, is to *commit sacrilege*.

[3] That is, have wronged or wounded their own souls by an act of perjury, or by breaking their oaths of allegiance.

[4] The common explanation takes *testament* in the legal sense; that Bolingbroke has come to open the *will*, that he may see and execute its contents. But in the old play of *Jeronymo* we have 'Then I unclasp the purple *leaves* of war.' Here the idea is of a *book* with a purple cover. And so, perhaps, in the text.

THE RUINS OF FLINT CASTLE

BOLINGBROKE. Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle.

King Richard II., Act III. Sc. 3.

Drawing by G. F. SARGENT.

But, ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face,[1]
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

NORTH. The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! No; thy thrice-noble cousin
Harry of Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,—
Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said;
His coming hither hath no further scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement[2] immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party[3] granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbèd steeds[4] to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. RICH. Northumberland, say thus the King returns:
His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—

[1] Meaning, no doubt, the blooming or *flowery surface* of England. We have a like expression in Sidney's *Arcadia*: 'Opening the *cherry of her lips*'; that is, her *cherry* lips.

[2] *Enfranchisement*, here, is restoration to his full rights of free inheritance. This would include his estates seized by the King.

[3] *Party* for *part*; the two words being often used indiscriminately.

[4] *Barbed*, an old corruption of *barded*, is *equipped with armour*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. 2, 11: 'He left his loftie steed with golden sell and goodly gorgeous *barbes*.' See, also, *Richard III.*, page 7, note 3.—*Commend*, in the line before, is *commit*. Repeatedly so. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 45, note 1.

[*To* Aum.] We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord: let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God, O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth![1] O, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: must he be deposed?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,[2]
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's[3] walking-staff,
My subjects for a pair of carvèd saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave;
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade,[4] where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin!

[1] *Sooth*, adjective, is *sweet*, as well as *true*: here the noun is *sweetness* or *softness*, as in the verb *to soothe*.

[2] 'A set of beads' is a *rosary*; used by people in 'bidding their beads.' See page 58, note 3.

[3] A *palmer* is a *pilgrim*; the word being so used because pilgrims were wont to carry a branch of *palm* as a badge.

[4] That is, some way of common *resort*, or a road of frequent traffic. So in Surrey's translation of the *Æneid*, ii.: 'A postern with a blind wicket there was, a common *trade*, to pass through Priam's house,'

We 'll make foul weather with despisèd tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge[1] the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus: To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, *There lies*
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg,[2] and Bolingbroke says ay.

NORTH. My lord, in the base court[3] he doth attend
To speak with you: may 't please you to come down?

K. RICH. Down, down I come; like glistering Phaëthon,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.[4]
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? Down, Court! down, King!
For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing.
[*exeunt above.*

BOLING. What says his Majesty?

NORTH. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly,[5] like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD *attended, below.*

BOLING. Stand all apart,
And show fair duty to his Majesty.—
My gracious lord,— [*kneeling.*

[1] Grain was said to be *lodged* when it was what we call *laid.*
[2] A common phrase for a gesture of *obeisance.* See page 30, note 4.
[3] 'The *base* court' is the *lower* court of the castle; what we call the *basement.* So in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: 'My lord being advertised that the duke was coming, he caused all his gentlemen to wait upon him down through the hall into the *base* court.'
[4] Lacking the *government* or *control; unable* to manage.
[5] *Foolish* is the more common meaning of *fond* in old authors.

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had[1] my heart might feel your love
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, [*touching his own head.*] although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.[2]
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London;—cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no. [*flourish: exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Langley. The* Duke of York's *Garden.*

Enter the Queen *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

First Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.[3]

First Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure[4] in delight,

[1] An old phrase equivalent to 'I *would* rather.'

[2] The two men were of the same age, both having been born in 1366.

[3] *Bias* is a weight put into one side of a bowl, to deflect it from the aim.—A *rub* is any hindrance or obstruction tending to the same effect. See *King John*, page 34, notes 2 and 3.

[4] Here *measure* is a *dance*; in the next line it has the common meaning. So we have *delightful measures* in the first scene of *Richard the Third.*

When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.
FIRST LADY. Madam, we 'll tell tales.
QUEEN. Of sorrow or of joy?
FIRST LADY. Of either, madam.
QUEEN. Of neither, girl:
For, if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
FIRST LADY. Madam, I 'll sing.
QUEEN. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst[1] thou weep.
FIRST LADY. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
QUEEN. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let 's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They 'll talk of State; for every one doth so
Against a change: woe is forerun with woe.[2]
[QUEEN *and* Ladies *retire.*

Enter a Gardener *and two* Servants.

GARD. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

[1] According to present usage, *shouldst* and *wouldst* should change places with each other. The two were often used indiscriminately.
[2] The Poet supposes dejection to prognosticate calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending.

First Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,[1]
Keep law and form and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, a firm State,
When our sea-wallèd garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd,[2] and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,—
I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

First Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful King. O, what pity is it
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound[3] itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

First Serv. What, think you, then, the King shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and deposed
'Tis doubt[4] he will be: letters came last night

[1] *Pale* is *enclosure, palings.* Elsewhere the Poet has 'bounded in a *pale*.'

[2] The regular, symmetrical beds of a garden were called *knots.* So in Milton's description of Eden:

> Flowers worthy Paradise, which not nice art
> In beds and curious *knots*, but Nature boon
> Pour'd forth.

[3] Shakespeare often uses *to confound* for *to destroy.*

[4] 'Tis *feared* or *suspected.* *Doubt* is often used so by old writers.

To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

QUEEN. O, I am press'd to death through want of speaking![1]— [*Comes forward with* Ladies.
Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested[2] thee
To make a second fall of cursèd man?
Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by this ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

GARD. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I
To breathe this news: yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you 'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

QUEEN. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's King in woe.—
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?—
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.
[*Exeunt the* QUEEN *and* Ladies.

GARD. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—

[1] *Pressing to death* was the punishment for accused persons who obstinately refused to plead. It was done by laying weights on the chest, heavier and heavier, till the breath was stopped.

[2] *Suggest*, again, for *instigate* or *prompt*. See page 13, note 1.

Here did she fall[1] a tear; here, in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:[2]
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I. *London. Westminster Hall.*

The Lords Spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords Temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, *another* Lord, *the* Bishop of Carlisle, *the* Abbot of Westminster, *and* Attendants. Officers *behind, with* Bagot.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.—
[Officers *bring* Bagot *to the bar.*
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the King,[3] and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless[4] end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.
Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say, *Is not my arm of length,*
That reacheth from the restful[5] *English Court*
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say that you had rather refuse

[1] *Fall* for *let fall.* So in *Othello*, iv. 1: 'Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.' Also in *A Midsummer*, v. 1: 'And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall*.' The usage was common.

[2] *Rue* was often called *herb of grace.* So in *Hamlet*, iv. 2: 'There's *rue* for you: we may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays.'

[3] That is, who counselled or induced him to order or allow it.

[4] *Timeless* for *untimely.* So in *King John*, iii. 1, we have *sightless* for *unsightly*: 'Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains.'

[5] *Restful* is *full of rest, peaceful.*—'Arm of length that reacheth' is arm long enough to reach.

The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

AUM. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,[1]
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for Hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

BOLING. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take it up.

AUM. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

FITZ. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,[2]
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forgèd, with my rapier's point.

AUM. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

FITZ. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

AUM. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to Hell for this.

PERCY. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to th' extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.

[1] Common speech still retains traces of the old notion that men's fortunes and characters were signified or governed by the stars under which they were born. *Ascendency, aspect, influence, lunatic, predominance* are among the words of astrological origin.

[2] *Sympathy*, being a mutual feeling between two subjects, implies likeness or equality of *nature*; hence the term is here transferred to equality of *rank*. By the laws of chivalry, a man was not bound to fight with one of lower rank, because the nobler life might not be thus staked against the baser.

AUM. An if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
LORD. I task thee[1] to the like, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun:[2] there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
AUM. Who sets me else?[3] by Heaven, I'll throw at all:
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.
SURREY. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
FITZ. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me this is true.
SURREY. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.
FITZ. Surrey, thou liest.
SURREY. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull:
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.
FITZ. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,[4]
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,[5]

[1] Here it appears that *to task* was sometimes used in the sense of *to challenge*. A like sense attaches to the phrase still in use, 'Take him to task'; that is, call him *to account*.

[2] 'From sun to sun' is, I take it, from *sunrise* to *sunset*; though some explain it, from one sunrise to another.

[3] Probably meaning, 'Who else *challenges* me to a *match*?' We have a like expression in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1: 'Will you *set* your wit to a fool's?' that is, 'Will you challenge a fool to a trial or contest of wit?'

[4] That is, *alone*, or where no help can be had against him. So Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Lover's Progress*, v. 2: 'Maintain thy treason with thy sword? With what contempt I hear it! in a *wilderness* I durst encounter it.'

[5] A world new, because he anticipates a new order of things under

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.
AUM. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd,[1] to try his honour.
BOLING. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories: when he 's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
CAR. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens;
And, toil'd with works of war, retired[2] himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
BOLING. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?
CAR. As surely as I live, my lord.
BOLING. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—My lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, *attended.*

YORK. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:

Bolingbroke. Fitzwater was then thirty-one years old: so that the world could not be new to him because he was a 'boy.'

[1] *Repeal'd*, again, for *recalled*. See page 44, note 1.—According to Holinshed, Aumerle on this occasion threw down a hood that he had borrowed, both of his gloves having been thrown down before.

[2] *Retire*, again, for *withdraw*. See page 43, note 4.—*Toil'd*, here, is *wearied*, exhausted with *toil*.

Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!
BOLING. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
CAR. Marry, God forbid!—
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard! then true nobless would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent[1] guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crownèd, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate,[2] souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene[3] a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King;
And, if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you raise this House against this House,
It will the woefullest division prove
That ever fell upon this cursèd Earth.

[1] *Apparent*, again, for *manifest* or *evident*. See page 9, note 5.
[2] *Climate*, here, is *land* or *country*. Repeatedly so.
[3] *Obscene* in the sense of the Latin *obscenus; ill-boding* or *portentous*.

Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you *Woe!*
NORTH. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.—
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.[1]—
May 't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit.
BOLING. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
YORK. I will be his conduct. [*exit.*
BOLING. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.—
[*To* CARLISLE.] Little are we beholding[2] to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, *with* KING RICHARD, *and* Officers *bearing the crown, etc.*

K. RICH. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours[3] of these men: were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, *All hail!* to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but He, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the King!—Will no man say amen?
Am I both priest and clerk?[4] Well then, amen.
God save the King! although I be not he;
And yet amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

[1] In these four lines, Northumberland must be understood to be acting as the new King's Earl Marshal, and so speaking in his name and using his style.

[2] Shakespeare always uses the active form, *beholding*, instead of the passive, *beholden*. See page 49, note 4.

[3] *Favours* for *features* or *countenances*. A common usage.

[4] A parish clerk had it as part of his duty to lead the responses of the congregation in the services.

YORK. To do that office of thine own good will
Which tirèd majesty did make thee offer,
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.
K. RICH. Give me the crown. [*The crown is brought to him, and he seizes it.*]—Here, cousin,
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well
That owes two buckets, filling one another;[1]
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.
BOLING. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. RICH. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.
BOLING. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.
K. RICH. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares down.
My care is, loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is, gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
BOLING. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. RICH. Ay, no;—no, ay; for I must nothing be;
Therefore no *no*, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,[2]
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites:[3]
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

[1] *Owes* for *owns*, of course, as usual.—'Filling *one another*' sounds odd, and should probably be taken to mean 'filling *alternately*.'

[2] The *balm* is the *oil of coronation*. So in iii. 2: 'Not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the *balm* from an anointed king.' The royal unction was thought to have something of sacramental virtue in it.

[3] Meaning, probably, the ceremonious observances which subjects were bound to render to their sovereign.

My manors, rents, revenues[1] I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!—
What more remains?

NORTH. [*offering a paper.*] No more but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes
Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. RICH. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon recórd,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst[2] thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of Heaven.—
Nay, all of you that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait[3] myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

NORTH. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these articles.

K. RICH. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:
And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort[4] of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

[1] Here *revenue* has the accent rightly placed on the second syllable. The word has occurred thrice before with the ictus on the first syllable.
[2] *Would* and *should*, again, where we should transpose them.
[3] To *bait* is to *worry*, *harass*, or *torment*, as in *bear-baiting*.
[4] *Sort*, here, is *pack*, *set*, *knot*, or *lot*. A frequent usage.

I find myself a traitor with the rest;
For I have given here my soul's consent
T' undeck the pompous body of a king;
Made glory base, and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. RICH. No lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man,
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—
No, not that name was given me at the font,—
But 'tis usurp'd. Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many Winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O, that I were a mockery-king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!—
Good King, great King,—and yet not greatly good,—
An if[1] my word be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his[2] majesty.

BOLING. Go, some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

NORTH. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. RICH. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to Hell!

BOLING. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

NORTH. The commons will not, then, be satisfied.

K. RICH. They shall be satisfied: I 'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that 's myself.—

Re-enter Attendant *with a glass.*

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.—
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof

[1] *An if* is an old reduplication, having the force simply of *if*.
[2] *His* for *its*, as repeatedly in this play, and in all these plays.

KING RICHARD. With mine own hands I give away my crown.
King Richard II., Act IV. Sc. 1.

Painting by MATHER BROWNE.

Did keep ten thousand men?[1] was this the face
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;
[*dashes the glass against the ground.*
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—
Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
BOLING. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. RICH. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? ha! let 's see:
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I 'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
BOLING. Name it, my fair cousin.
K. RICH. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to[2] my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
BOLING. Yet ask.
K. RICH. And shall I have?
BOLING. You shall.

[1] There resorted daily to his Court above ten thousand persons that had meat and drink there allowed them. In his kitchen were three hundred servitors; and every other office was furnished after the like rate. Of ladies, chamberers, and launderers, there were above three hundred at the least. And in gorgeous and costly apparel they exceeded all measure; not one of them that kept within the bounds of his degree. Yeomen and grooms were clothed in silks, with cloth of grain and scarlet, oversumptuous, ye may be sure, for their estates.—HOLINSHED.

[2] The use of *to* instead of *for* or *as* was very common. So in the Marriage Service of the Church: 'Wilt thou have this woman *to* thy wedded wife?' See, also, *The Tempest*, page 62, note 4.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither.
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! convey?[1]—conveyers are you all,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.[2]
[*Exeunt* King Richard, *some* Lords, *and a Guard.*
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[*Exeunt all but the* Bishop of Carlisle, *the* Abbot of Westminster, *and* Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Car. The woe 's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper: I will lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I. *London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter the Queen *and* Ladies.

Queen. This way the King will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,[3]

[1] *Convey* was often used with reference to cheats, jugglers, thieves, and pickpockets. So, in *The Merry Wives*, i. 3, Pistol reproves his fellow Nym for using *steal*: '*Convey*, the wise call it: *steal?* foh! a fico for the phrase!'

[2] Here end the additions first printed in the quarto of 1608. These additions include the preceding 165 lines, beginning with the last line of Northumberland's speech, 'May 't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit?' page 77.

[3] Tradition ascribes to Julius Cæsar the original building of the Tower; which is here called *ill-erected* with reference, no doubt, to the purposes for which it was used.

To whose flint bosom my condemnèd lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true King's Queen.—

Enter KING RICHARD *and* Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,[1]
Thou map of honour,[2] thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,[3]
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?[4]
K. RICH. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream;
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shows us but this: I am sworn brother,[5] sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:[6]
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
QUEEN. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weakenéd?[7] hath Bolingbroke deposed

[1] *Platform* is one of the old meanings of *model*. Here it seems to mean *ground-plan*; and Richard is compared to the ancient *site* of a vanished city. Mr. Grant White thus explains the passage: 'Thou pattern of ruined majesty. *Troy* was used of old as the type of regal grandeur.'

[2] *Map* and *picture* were often used interchangeably. So in *Lucrece* the Poet calls sleep 'the *map* of death.'

[3] *Inn* does not here mean a house of public resort or entertainment, but a *dwelling* or *lodging* in general. So in *Optick Glasse of Humours*, 1607:

'His comely body is a beauteous inn
Built fairely to the owner's princely minde,
Where wandring virtues lodge, oft lodg'd with sin.'

[4] The idea is, that Richard is to Bolingbroke as a well-ordered lodging to a riotous alehouse: and that dismal sorrow is lodged in the former, while triumphant joy is the guest of the latter.

[5] Alluding to the *fratres jurati*, who in the times of chivalrous adventure bound themselves by mutual oaths to share fortunes together.

[6] A religious house is a convent or cloister, where people live under special vows to a life of prayer and mortification of the flesh.

[7] That is, transformed in shape, and weakened in mind.

Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd;[1] and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime[2] Queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou takest,
As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
In Winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs[3]
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why[4] the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent[5] of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal

[1] The infinitive again used gerundively, and so equivalent to '*at being* o'erpower'd.' See page 27, note 2.

[2] *Sometime* for *once* or *formerly*; like the Latin *quondam*. So in *The Tempest*, v. 1: 'I will discase me, and myself present as I was *sometime* Milan.'

[3] 'To *quit* their *griefs*' is to *requite* their *sad tales*. This use of *quit* for *requite* was very common. So in *King Lear*, iii. 7: 'Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature, to *quit* this horrid act.'

[4] *For why* was often used with the exact sense of *because* or *for the reason that*. Repeatedly so in Shakespeare. See *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, page 40, note 1.

[5] *Sympathize* is here a transitive verb. The Poet has a like use of *sympathized* in at least two passages.

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall[1] not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' usurpèd throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deservèd death.

NORTH. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.[2]
Take leave, and part; for you must part[3] forthwith.

K. RICH. Doubly divorced!—Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
Part us, Northumberland; I towards the North,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime;[4]
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adornèd hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas[5] or short'st of day.

QUEEN. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. RICH. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

QUEEN. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

NORTH. That were some love, but little policy.

QUEEN. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

[1] The *shall* and *shalt* occurring so often in this speech are a markworthy instance of the old indiscriminate use of *shall* and *will*.

[2] 'And there an end' was a common colloquial phrase: '*is* an end,' of course. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

[3] Here, as often, *part* is *depart*. So in *King Lear*, i. 2: 'Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler *parted*!' See, also, page 53, note 2.

[4] A singular use of language; but meaning, apparently, 'where the climate causes people to pine or waste away with cold and sickness.' So, in *Venus and Adonis*, the Poet says of 'painted grapes,' that they '*pine* the maw' of birds.

[5] Hallowmas, or All Hallows, is All Saints' day, November 1.—*Short'st of day* was a not uncommon form of speech. So in *Macbeth*, iii. 1: 'Every minute of his being thrust against my *near'st of life*.'

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off than—near, be ne'er the near'.[1]
Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let 's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*they kiss.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
[*they kiss again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [*exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Same. A Room in the* Duke of York's *Palace.*

Enter York *and his* Duchess.[2]

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from window-tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,—

[1] Meaning, I take it, 'than be none the *nearer* in heart for being together.' Richard thinks, apparently, that, under such adversity, their love will thrive best in a state of separation. The phrase seems to have been proverbial. See page 57, note 1.

[2] The first wife of Edmund, Duke of York, was Isabella, daughter of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon. He married her in 1372, and had by her the Duke of Aumerle and all his other children. In introducing her here, the Poet departs widely from history; for she died in 1394, several years before the events related in the play. After her death, York married Joan, daughter of John Holland, Earl of Kent, who survived him about thirty-four years, and had three other husbands.

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried, *God save thee, Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery[1] had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

DUCH. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, *God save him!*
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That, had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.[2]
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bow our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

DUCH. Here comes my son Aumerle.

YORK. Aumerle that was;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,

[1] *Painted imagery* refers to the embroidered tapestries or hangings which often had mottoes, that is, 'brief sententious precepts,' figured upon them.

[2] The painting of this description is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it in any other language. —DRYDEN.

And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:[1]
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son: who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come Spring?[2]
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows I had as lief be none as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that that hangs without thy bosom?[3]
Yea, look'st thou pale, sir? let me see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who sees it:
I will be satisfied; let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—
Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph-day.
York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. Beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it.
York! I will be satisfied: let me see 't, I say.—
[*snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason!—Villain! traitor! slave!

[1] The Dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter were deprived of their dukedoms by an Act of Henry's first Parliament, but were allowed to retain the earldoms of *Rutland*, Kent, and Huntingdon.—Holinshed.

[2] She means, 'who are to be the cherished plants, the favourites, in the Court of the new King?'

[3] The seals of deeds and such-like instruments were formerly impressed on slips of parchmont attached to them.

YORK. Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen.*

King Richard II., Act v. Sc. 2.

Painting by J. NORTHCOTE, R.A.

DUCH. What 's the matter, my lord?
YORK. Ho! who 's within there? ho!—

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.—
God for His mercy, what treachery is here!
DUCH. Why, what is 't, my lord?
YORK. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse.—
Now, by mine honour, by my life, my troth, [*Exit* Servant.
I will appeach[1] the villain.
DUCH. What 's the matter?
YORK. Peace, foolish woman.
DUCH. I will not peace.—What is the matter, son?
AUM. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
DUCH. Thy life answer!
YORK. Bring me my boots:—I will unto the King.

Re-enter Servant *with Boots.*

DUCH. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou art amazed.—
[*To the* Serv.] Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.
YORK. Give me my boots, I say. [*Exit* Servant.
DUCH. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming-date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
YORK. Thou fond[2] mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
DUCH. He shall be none;
We 'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

[1] *Appeach* is *accuse* or *inform against*; much the same as *impeach*.
[2] Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *fond* is *foolish*. So, again, in 'Away, *fond* woman!' a little after.

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman! [*exit.*
Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his horse; III
Spur post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I 'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York;
And never will I rise up from the ground
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be gone!
[*exeunt.*

Scene III. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter Bolingbroke *as* King, Percy, *and other* Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton and effeminate boy, 10
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant?

PERCY. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
BOLING. As dissolute as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE *hastily.*

AUM. Where is the King?
BOLING. What means our cousin, that
He stares and looks so wildly?
AUM. God save your Grace! I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace[1] alone.
BOLING. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—
[*Exeunt* PERCY *and* Lords.
What is the matter with our cousin now?
AUM. [*kneeling.*] For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to the roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.
BOLING. Intended or committed was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.
AUM. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
BOLING. Have thy desire. [AUMERLE *locks the door.*
YORK. [*within.*] My liege, beware! look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
BOLING. [*drawing.*] Villain, I'll make thee safe.
AUM. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
YORK. [*within.*] Open the door, secure,[2] foolhardy King:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
[BOLINGBROKE *opens the door, and then locks it again.*

[1] In Shakespeare's time, *Grace*, *Highness*, and *Majesty* were used indifferently as titles of sovereigns. *Highness* has since become specially appropriated to princes of the royal blood, and *Grace* to archbishops and dukes.

[2] *Secure*, again, in the Latin sense of *negligent* or *unguarded*; as in *Macbeth*, iii. 5: '*Security* is mortals' chiefest enemy.' See page 40, note 4.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise pass'd:
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer,[1] immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing[2] son.
York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:[3]
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.
Duch. [*within.*] What ho, my liege! for God's sake, let me in.
Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?
Duch. [*within.*] A woman, and thy aunt, great King; 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

[1] To *shear* is to *cut*, to *separate*: hence the adjective came to mean *severed from any mixture* or *alloy*, that is, *pure*; and in this sense it was often used by the old writers. Thus in Spenser we have 'Pactolus with his waters *shere*,' and 'having viewèd in a fountaine *shere* his face.'

[2] To *digress* is to deviate from what is right. So, in *Love's Labours Lost*, i. 2, we have *digression* for the act of straying or diverging from the right,—*transgression*.

[3] That is, 'my life lies shamed in his dishonour.'

BOLING. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now changed to *The Beggar and the King*.[1]—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know she 's come to pray for your foul sin.
[AUMERLE *unlocks the door.*
YORK. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter the DUCHESS.

DUCH. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man!
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
YORK. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make[2] here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
DUCH. Sweet York, be patient.—Hear me, gentle liege.
[*kneels.*
BOLING. Rise up, good aunt.
DUCH. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.
AUM. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*kneels.*
YORK. Against them both my true joints bended be.
[*kneels.*
Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
DUCH. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

[1] Alluding, no doubt, to the old ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid*, sometimes called *A Song of a King and a Beggar*. Given in Bishop Percy's *Reliques*.

[2] An old phrase of frequent occurrence, the same as 'what *are you doing*?' See *Richard III.*, page 26, note 3.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers[1] ought to have.
BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.
DUCH. Nay, do not say *stand up;*
But *pardon* first, and afterwards *stand up.*
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say *pardon*, King; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like[2] *pardon* for kings' mouths so meet.
YORK. Speak it in French, King; say, *pardonnez-moi.*[3]
DUCH. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—
Speak *pardon* as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping[4] French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee *pardon* to rehearse.
BOLING. Good aunt, stand up.
DUCH. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.
BOLING. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.
DUCH. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying *pardon* doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

[1] Here, as in sundry other places, *prayers* is a dissyllable. Walker thinks it is used in the sense of *precatores*, not of *preces*. I am not clear as to that.

[2] *Like* is here equivalent to *as*: 'No word so meet *as pardon* for kings' mouths.' So in several other instances.

[3] French for *excuse me*; a polite way of denying a request. A rather poor witticism: Johnson says, 'The whole passage is such as I could wish away.' But I suspect the Poet meant it as an intimation that York is inwardly glad at the pardon which he sees to be forthcoming.

[4] That is, the *changing* French. Thus '*chopping* churches' is changing one church for another; and to 'chop logic' is to discourse or interchange logic with another person. Collier explains thus: 'The Duchess calls the language "the chopping French" on account of the convertibility of such terms as *pardonnez-moi*, which, apparently consenting, means the very reverse.

BOLING. With all my heart
I pardon him.
DUCH. A god on Earth thou art.
BOLING. But for our trusty brother-in-law,[1] and th' abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell;—and, cousin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
DUCH. Come, my old son: I pray God make thee new.
[*exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Same.*

Enter SIR PIERCE *of Exton and a* Servant.

EXTON. Didst thou not mark the King, what words he spake,
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?
SERV. Those were his very words.
EXTON. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?
SERV. He did!
EXTON. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,[2] I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let 's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid[3] his foe. [*exeunt.*

[1] This was John Holland, Duke of Exeter and Earl of Kent, half-brother to King Richard: he had married the Lady Elizabeth, Bolingbroke's sister.
[2] That is, *as much as to say*, or *as if he were saying*. An old form of speech occurring repeatedly in Shakespeare.
[3] To *take off*, to *destroy*, are among the old meanings of to *rid*. So in *The Tempest*, i. 2: 'The red plague *rid* you.' And so in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1576: 'To *dispatch* or *ridde* one quickly.'

Scene V. *Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison where I live unto the world:
And, for because[1] the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;[2]
In humours[3] like the people of this world,
For no thought is content. The better sort—
As thoughts of things divine—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:[4]
As thus, *Come, little ones;* and then again,
It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern[5] *of a small needl's eye.*
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves

[1] *For because* is an old reduplication, and equivalent to *because* simply; just as we have *an if* three times in this play. The words *for* and *because* were often used interchangeably: and both are sometimes found together.

[2] Alluding to the old Platonic doctrine of man's being a *microcosm* or *universe in miniature*; and that things existing without are made knowable to us by certain things within us corresponding to them or resembling them. So Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*: 'That we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of Holy Scripture: but to call ourselves a *microcosm*, or *little world*, I thought it only a pleasant trope of rhetoric, till my near judgment and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein.'

[3] *Humours*, here, is *tempers* or *dispositions*. The radical meaning of *humour* is *moisture*: and it is an ancient doctrine that there are four distinct kinds of moisture in the human body, and that as changes occur among these, so men are rendered *humorous*, that is to say, *capricious*, *fanciful*, or *whimsical*.

[4] Meaning, of course, set one text of Scripture against another.

[5] *Postern* is a small door or gate: properly a *back* door or gate; hence, sometimes, a private entrance.

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not[1] be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there;[2]
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and by-and-by
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—[*Music.*] Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke[3] in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock:[4]
My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,

[1] Negatives, as also comparatives and superlatives, are very often thus doubled in Shakespeare. The usage was common.

[2] The meaning is, 'take refuge from their shame *in the thought* that many have sat and others must sit there.'

[3] To 'check time broke' is the same as to check, that is, *reprove*, the breaking of time.

[4] There are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time; namely, by the vibration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the King, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the *jarring* (ticking) of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in the minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the King compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or, to use an expression of Milton, *minute-drops*; his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performs the office of the dial-point; his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.—Henley.

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:
Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs and tears and groans
Show minutes, times, and hours. But my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.[1]
This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For, though it have holp[2] madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.[3]
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch[4] in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;[5]
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither now,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, King,

[1] In Shakespeare's time, clocks had miniature automatons to strike the hour. This *Jack of the clock*, as it was called, is often referred to by the old writers.

[2] *Holp*, or *holpen*, is the old preterite of *help*.

[3] Here '*wise* men' is evidently the same as men *in their wits*. So the Poet has many instances of *wit* and *wisdom* used as equivalents, both being indeed from the same original.—Richard doubtless has in mind David's playing and singing the evil spirit out of King Saul. See 1 Samuel xvi. 23.

[4] *Brooch*, an ornamented buckle, and also a jewel in general, is here put for *ornament* simply.

[5] *Noble peer* is meant as a sportive rejoinder to the Groom's *royal Prince*, and the humour of the royal sufferer as thus shown is very gentle and graceful. So, in *The Merchant*, ii. 8, a servant, entering, asks, 'Where is my *lady*?' and Portia replies, 'Here: what would my *lord*?' —In the text, a quibble is also intended on *royal* and *noble*, which were used as names of gold coins. In Elizabeth's time, the royal was 10s., the noble 6s. 8d., the groat 4d. So that the difference between the royal and the noble was ten groats. And Richard says that the cheapest of them, the noble, worth twenty groats, is rated at double his true worth.—In this passage with the Groom there is enough to prove that Bolingbroke has not deposed Richard's intellect: if his mind is too much framed and filled with moral and sentimental embroidery, here are such flashes of manhood as secure him both our sympathy and our respect.

When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes[1] royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,
That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dress'd!
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proud as if he had disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble? would he not fall down,—
Since pride must have a fall,—and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back?—
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear?[2] I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tired by jauncing[3] Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a dish.*

Keep. [*to the* Groom.] Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.
Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*exit.*

[1] *Sometimes*, again, for *former*. See page 18, note 4.—*Yearn'd*, next line, is *grieved*; a frequent usage. So in *The Merry Wives*, iii. 5: 'Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would *yearn* your heart to see it.'

[2] This incident of roan Barbary is an invention of the Poet. Did Shakespeare intend only a little bit of helpless pathos? Or is there a touch of hidden irony here? A poor spark of affection remains for Richard, but it has been kindled half by Richard, and half by Richard's horse. The fancy of the fallen King disports itself for the last time, and hangs its latest wreath around this incident. Then suddenly comes the darkness. Suddenly the hectic passion of Richard flares; he snatches the axe from a servant, and deals about him deadly blows. In another moment he is extinct; the graceful futile existence has ceased.—Dowden.

[3] *Jauncing* is *hard riding*; from the old French *jancer*, which Cotgrave explains, 'To stir a horse in the stable till he sweat withal.'

KEEP. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?
K. RICH. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.[1]
KEEP. My lord, I dare not. Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the King, commands the contrary.
K. RICH. The Devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee!
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the* Keeper.
KEEP. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. RICH. How now! what! mean'st death in this rude assault?
Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.—
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing a* Servant.
Go thou, and fill another room in Hell.—
[*He kills another* Servant. *Then* EXTON *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own land.—
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*dies.*
EXTON. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the Devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in Hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here. [*exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE *as* King, YORK, Lords, *and* Attendants.

BOLING. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
Is, that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.—

[1] It was an old custom for the chief waiters at the tables of kings and other high-seated persons to taste the food when set upon the table as an assurance against poison.

BOLINGBROKE. Though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murderéd.

King Richard II., Act v. Sc. 6.

Drawing by FR. PECHT.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness.
The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursèd in this paper here. [*presenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right-noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *with the* Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it 'joy thy life;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For, though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.[1]

Enter Sir Pierce *of Exton, with* Attendants *bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

[1] The Bishop of Carlisle was committed to the Tower, but on the intercession of his friends obtained leave to change his prison for Westminster Abbey. In order to deprive him of his See, the Pope, at the King's instance, translated him to a bishopric *in partibus infidelium*; and the only preferment he got afterwards was a rectory in Glostershire.

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux,[1] by me hither brought.
BOLING. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander,[2] with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head and all this famous land.
EXTON. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
BOLING. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murderéd.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent.[3]
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.—
March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*exeunt.*

[1] So called because he was born at Bourdeaux while his father, the Black Prince, was residing there.

[2] 'A deed of slander' is a deed that will put slanderous tongues in motion.

[3] *Incontinent* is *immediately*; a common usage.—Here, again, *sullen* is *gloomy, mournful.* See page 26, note 1.

CRITICAL NOTES

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Line 20. May *many years of happy days befall*
My gracious sovereign!—Here *May* was supplied by Pope. Walker remarks, 'The correction "*May* many" is indisputably right.' Collier's second folio reads '*Full* many.'

l. 204. *Marshal, command our officers-at-arms*
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. — The old copies read '*Lord* Marshall.' It is impossible that the Poet should have written so in a rhyming couplet. And in the third scene we have the line, 'Marshall, demand of yonder champion.' Capell's correction.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

Line 73. *Desolate,* desolate, *will I hence and die.*—Collier's second folio reads 'Desolate, *desperate,*' and, I suspect, rightly.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

Line 26. *Marshal,* ask *yonder knight in arms.*—Upon this Ritson notes as follows: 'Why not, as before, "Marshal, *demand of* yonder knight in arms"? The player, who varied the expression, was probably ignorant that he injured the metre.' But there are so many other imperfect lines in this play, that such an answer can hardly pass here. In the preceding scene we have the line, 'Why, then I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.' Likewise, near the end of this scene, 'Think not the King did banish thee.'

l. 84. *Mine* innocency *and Saint George to thrive.*—So Capell. The old copies have 'Mine *innocence*'; which makes an unpleasant hitch in the verse. Though this play has a good many incomplete lines,—too many to be fairly accounted for as corruptions,—still it has few if any such palpable breaches of rhythm.

l. 118. *Stay,* stay, *the King hath thrown his warder down.*—The old copies read 'Stay, the King,' etc. Pope, to complete the verse, read '*But* stay.' The repetition to *stay* is Walker's, who says, 'The situation itself, surely, demands more than the simple *stay.*'

l. 129. *And for we think the eagle-wingèd pride*
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Therefore we banish you our territories.—In the third of these lines Pope reads 'set *you on*,' rightly perhaps; though it seems better, on the whole, to give *you* the emphasis which it naturally has from being in the accented part of the verse.—The folio omits the first five of these lines altogether, and has the following five instead:

> 'Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
> With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
> And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
> Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
> And make us wade even in our kindred's blood'; etc.

The quartos, on the other hand, contain the whole ten lines. But the latter five, if Shakespeare's at all, were evidently written as an alternative reading: they are a mere repetition, and this too in the most ranting vein of Bombastes Furioso, of what is vastly better expressed in the preceding five: therewithal they totally disorganise the sentence, throwing both sense and grammar into utter confusion. So that, altogether, they are nothing less than a vile blot on the page; I therefore concur with Capell in ejecting them from the place. My own belief is, that the last five were written by some other hand as an improvement on what Shakespeare had written; that in the quartos both the original five and the substitute got printed together; and that the editors of the folio, perceiving them to be but alternative readings, preferred the worst.

l. 145. *The* fly-*slow hours shall not determinate*
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.—So the second folio. The earlier editions have '*slie* slow hours.' What may be the meaning of *sly slow* is not very evident; while *fly-slow* gives a very clear and expressive image. Walker says, 'Of course, "The *fly-slow* hours."'

l. 169. *It boots thee not to be* so passionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.—Instead of *so passionate*, the old copies have *compassionate*, which is commonly explained *lamenting*, *complaining*; but no other instance is produced of *compassionate* so used. Theobald proposed *become passionate*, which is adopted by White. ''Be *so passionate*' is Singer's reading; who aptly quotes from *Titus Andronicus*, iii. 2: 'And cannot *passionate* our tenfold griefs.' Also from the *Palace of Pleasure*: 'Now leave we this amorous hermit to *passionate* and playne his misfortune.'

l. 173. *Return again, and take an oath with ye.*—So Rowe. The old copies read 'an oath with *thee*.' But the words are evidently addressed to both Norfolk and Bolingbroke. And we have other instances of *thee* misprinted for *ye*.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Line 17. *No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,*
As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond;
Lascivious metres, to whose vemon sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen.—So the first two quartos, except that the second substitutes *state* for *taste*, and both have *found* instead of *fond*. The other old copies read 'As praises of *his state*: then there are found Lascivious Meeters,' etc. The reading in the text was proposed by Collier, and is adopted by the Cambridge Editors. The other old reading seems quite out of joint, and was probably the result of some sophistication growing out of the misprints, *state* and *found*, in the second quarto. Lettsom proposed 'of whose taste *th' unwise* are fond'; and so I suspect we ought to read. The present reading, however, gives an apt enough sense: meaning, of course, that if even the wise are fond of praises, much more is Richard.

l. 43. *This fortress built by Nature for herself*
Against infection *and the hand of war.*—Some have stumbled at the word *infection* here; and Farmer proposed *infestion*, as a shortened form of *infestation*. But White appositely quotes, in support of the old lection, the following from Daniel's *Civil Wars*:

> 'Neptune keepe out from thy imbracèd ile
> The foul *contagion* of iniquitie;
> Drown all corruptions coming to defile
> Our faire proceedings ordered formally.'

l. 49. *Against the envy of less* happy *lands.*—The old copies read 'less *happier* lands.' As *happy* was commonly spelt *happie*, such a misprint might easily occur. Pope's correction.

l. 69. *The King is come: deal mildly with his youth;*
For hot young colts, being curb'd, *do rage the more.*—The old editions read 'being *rag'd*, do rage the more.' Ritson proposed *rein'd*; and Collier's second folio reads 'being *urg'd*.'

l. 93. *Now, He that made me knows I see thee ill;*
Ill in myself, and in thee seeing ill.—So Capell. The old copies, 'Ill in myself *to see*, and in thee seeing ill'; thus sadly obscuring the sense and marring the verse.

l. 142. *Beseech your Majesty, impute his words*
To wayward sickliness and age in him.—The old copies read '*I do* beseech.' Corrected by Steevens.

l. 149. K. Rich. *What says he* now?
North. *Nay, nothing; all is said.*—So Capell. The old copies lack *now*. I cannot doubt that the two half-lines were meant to form a complete verse.

l. 245. *That will the King severely prosecute*
'Gainst us, our lives, *our children, and our heirs.*—Collier's second folio substitutes *wives* for *lives*; whereupon White notes as follows: '"Our

wives" seems a very plausible emendation, until we remember that a prosecution for treason would touch the life, the children, and the heirs of the traitor, but could not touch his wife; and then we see that the change is only ignorant.' Dyce also aptly quotes in support of the old reading from *King Henry V.*, i. 2: 'That owe *yourselves*, your *lives*, and services to this imperial throne.'

l. 247. *The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,*
And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.—The old copies read, in the second line, 'And *quite* lost their hearts.' Here *quite* defeats the rhythm, and also greatly impairs the force of *quite* in the next line. Probably it crept in out of place, from its occurrence just after in a similar clause. Pope's correction.

l. 280. *That Harry Duke of Hereford, Renald Lord Cobham,*
[*Thomas, the son and heir to th' Earl of Arundel,*]
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury.—The second of these lines is wanting in all the old copies. But it is evident, and is on all hands admitted, that something must have dropped out either in the printing or in the transcribing; for the old text does not tally at all with the passage of Holinshed which the Poet undoubtedly had before him. Malone inserted, in brackets, the line 'The son of Richard Earl of Arundel.' Ritson proposed to insert the following, which is almost word for word from Holinshed: 'The son and heir of the late Earl of Arundel.' This, I think, is preferable to Malone's insertion, because more in the words of the historian; but, as *late* occurs in the next line, I think the Poet would have avoided it here. I therefore so far vary from Ritson as to give the man's name, and shorten the line by omitting two other syllables. See footnote 1.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

Line 30. *I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,*
As—though, in thinking, on no thing *I think—*
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.—The old copies read 'As though *on* thinking on no *thought* I thinke.' Modern editors generally concur in substituting *in* for the first *on*; but they retain *thought*. Lettsom says, 'Surely common sense requires us to read *no thing* for *no thought*.' I agree with him.

l. 52. *O madam, 'tis too true: and,* what *is worse,*
The Lord Northumberland, etc.—The old copies have *that* instead of *what*, the reading of Rowe and Collier's second folio.

l. 89. *The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,*
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—The old copies read 'the commons *they are* cold.' Pope's correction.

l. 92. *Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.*—I suspect we ought to read 'Bid her *to* send.' The Poet does indeed sometimes, though rarely, begin a verse with an anapest; but it is hardly possible to make an anapest of 'Bid her send.' On the other hand, the insertion of *to* makes another verse of six feet, and there are too many such already in this play.

l. 109. *Gentlemen, will you go muster men? If I*
Know how or which way t' order these affairs, etc.—The old text ends the first of these lines with *men*, and puts 'If . . . affairs' all into the next line. I suspect we ought to read thus:

> '*Now*, gentlemen, will you go muster men?
> If I know how to order these affairs,' etc.

The time of *Now* is obviously wanted for the verse; and it seems to me that the transitional sense of *now* is fairly required for other cause. In the next line, *or which way* is evidently mere surplusage: accordingly Pope omits it. Probably *how* and *which way* were written as alternative readings, and both got printed together.

l. 111. *Thus* thrust disorderly *into my hands.*—In the old copies, 'Thus *disorderly thrust.*' Corrected by Steevens.

l. 113. *Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath*
And duty bids defend; th' other, again,
Is my near *kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd.*—So Collier's second folio. The old copies lack *near.*

l. 129. *And that's the wavering commons: for their love*
Lies in their purses; and who *empties them*
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.—The old editions have *whoso* instead of *who*; which hitches the line all out of rhythm. Pope made the change. We might read *purse'* instead of *purses*; but Pope's change seems the better.

l. 138. *The hateful commons* will *perform for us.*—So Pope. The old copies have '*Will* the hateful commons performe for us.'

l. 148. Bagot. *Farewell at once,—for once, for all, and ever.*—So White and Dyce. The first four quartos give the line to Green; the other old copies to Bushy.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

Line 55. *And in it are the lords, York, Berkley, Seymour.*—So Pope. The old copies, 'And in it are the Lords *of* York, Berkley, *and* Seymour.' Lettsom thinks the *And* were better away, and would print '*In't* are the Lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour.' I suspect he is right.

l. 66. *Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,*
Stands for my bounty. But who is't *comes here?*—So Capell. In the old copies, 'But who comes here?'

l. 94. *Frighting her pale-faced villages with war*
And ostentation of despoiling *arms.*—So Collier's second folio. Instead

of *despoiling*, the old copies have *despised*, which does not cohere at all with *Frighting*. Hanmer substituted *despightful*, and Warburton *disposed*.

l. 159. *I do remain as neuter. So*, farewell,—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.—So Pope. The old copies have 'So fare *you* well.' Upon which Walker notes, 'The extra syllable in the body of the line would be in place in *Macbeth* or *King Henry the VIII.*, but is strange here.'—In the last line, Capell has 'And there repose you for this night, *or so*'; Collier's second folio, 'And there, *my lords*, repose you for this night.' Of course these additions were made in order to complete the verse; but this play abounds in octo-syllabic verses.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Line 42. *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come*, my *lords, away,*
To fight with Glendower and his complices:
Awhile to work, and, after, holiday.—In the first of these lines, the old copies are without *my*. Inserted by Pope. The second line was thrown out by Theobald as an interpolation; partly because the other two lines rhyme to each other. On the other hand, Ritson and Heath think it genuine. Walker is for retaining the line, but thinks a line ought to be supplied before it, thus: 'And lead we forth our well-appointed powers.' He adds, 'The awkward vicinity of the final words *away* and *holiday* to each other perhaps demands this.'

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Line 2. *Yea, my* good *lord. How brooks your Grace the air,*
After late tossing on the breaking seas?—In the first line, *good*, wanting in the old copies, was supplied by Pope. In the second, the old copies read 'After *your* late tossing'; *your* having probably been repeated by mistake from the preceding line.

l. 29. *The means that* Heaven yields *must be embraced,*
And not neglected; else, if *Heaven would,*
And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse.—In the first of these lines, the old copies have *heavens yield*, and in the second omit *if*, needful alike to sense and metre.

l. 36. *Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not*
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and *lights the lower world.*—So Hanmer. Instead of *and*, the old copies have *that*, which is commonly explained as referring, not to *globe*, the nearest antecedent, but to *eye of heaven*. But where is the sense of saying 'the eye of heaven, which lights the lower world, is hid behind the globe'? as if the same eye of heaven did not light the upper world also.

l. 73. *For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,*
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, or *fled.*—So Collier's second folio. The old copies have *and* instead of *or.*

l. 113. *Boys, with women's voices,*
Strive to speak big, and clap *their* female *joints*
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.—Here Pope substituted *clasp* for *clap,* and Collier's second folio changes *female* to *feeble.* But *clap* may well have the same meaning as *clasp.* The other change is plausible indeed; yet why not '*female* joints,' as well as '*women's* voices'? And Dyce aptly quotes from Cowley's *Garden,*

> 'The earth itself breathes better perfumes here
> Than all the *female* men or women there.'

l. 157. *How some have been* deposed; *some slain in war;*
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed.—Walker, referring to *deposed* and *deposed,* says, 'One of these is wrong. Possibly *deprived* in the latter place.' And he rightly adds that the Poet has *deprive* in the sense of *depose* in *Hamlet,* i. 4: 'Which might *deprive* your sovereignty of reason.' But, if any change were to be made, I should prefer Pope's 'by the ghosts they *dispossess'd.*'

l. 172. *Throw away respect,*
Tradition, *form, and ceremonious duty.*—Instead of *Tradition,* Roderick proposed *Addition*; and rightly, I have little doubt. *Addition* was continually used for *title,* or *mark of honour.* See, however, footnote 4.

l. 175. *I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,*
Need friends:—subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?—Upon this, Walker notes, 'I feel almost assured that Shakespeare wrote, 'Need friends, *fear enemies:*—Subjected thus,' etc. I have very little doubt that Walker is right, and find it not easy to refrain from adopting his reading.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

Line 10. *Your Grace mistakes* me; *only to be brief,*
Left I his title out.—So Rowe. The old copies omit *me.*

l. 18. *I know it, uncle; and* I not oppose
Myself against their will.—The old copies read 'and *oppose not,*' thus making a bad hitch in the metre. Corrected by Seymour.

l. 20. *Welcome, Harry: what, will not this castle yield?*—There is surely something wrong here: it is hardly credible that Shakespeare could have fallen into so gross a breach of prosody. Hanmer substituted *Well* for *Welcome*; but neither does that seem right; though, to be sure, it rectifies the metre.

l. 62. York. *See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,* etc.—The first six lines of this speech are without any prefix in the old copies, and York's

speech is there made to begin with 'Yet looks he like a king.' Most of the modern editions assign them to York; and with good reason, I think, as the four lines which the old copies assign to York are strictly continuous with them. Dyce gives the first six lines to Percy; rather strangely, I think, for they seem little in keeping with the reserved and modest bearing of Percy in this play.

l. 70. *Alack, alack, for woe,*
That any harm *should stain so fair a show.*—Instead of *harm*, Collier's and Singer's second folios have *storm*, which Dyce adopts; much to my surprise, I must confess, for I fail to perceive how any thing is gained by the change. Williams proposed to read *shame.*

l. 101. *The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King*
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! No; *thy thrice-noble cousin,*
Harry of *Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand.*—So Pope. The old editions are without *No* in the third of these lines, and also without *of* in the fourth. Walker would read '*This* thy thrice-noble,' etc.; which would rectify the metre indeed, but not so well, I think, as Pope's reading. Several ways have been proposed for rectifying the metre of the last line; but Pope's *of* is the simplest.

l. 127. *We do debase ourself*, cousin, *do we not?*—Walker says, 'Perhaps, *coz.*' But I suspect *cousin* was in this instance meant to be pronounced as one syllable, as *even*, *given*, *heaven*, etc., often are.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

Line 11. *Of sorrow or of* joy.—The old copies have *griefe* instead of *joy*. A palpable misprint, which the context readily corrects.

l. 22. *And I could* weep, *would weeping do me good,*
And never borrow any tear of thee.—So Pope. The old copies read 'And I could *sing.*' Some have tried to maintain the old reading, using an over-subtility of argument that may indeed amuse, but not convince. Dyce aptly quotes from the Poet's *Lucrece*:

> 'If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
> Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
> *If tears could help, mine own would do me good.*'

l. 42. *Showing, as in a model,* a *firm* State.—So Walker, and with evident propriety. The old text reads '*our* firme *estate.*'

l. 55. *O, what pity is it*
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
As we this garden! We *at time of year*
Do wound the bark, etc.—The necessary word *We* is wanting in the old editions. Supplied by Capell.

l. 62. *They might have lived to bear, and he to taste*
Their fruits of duty. All *superfluous branches*
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.—So the second folio. The other old copies omit *All.*

l. 67. *What, think you,* then, *the King shall be deposed?*—So Pope. The old copies lack *then.*

l. 73. *Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,*
How dares thy harsh-rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?—The old copies read 'Thou old Adams likenesse.' Pope struck out *old,* as he did also *harsh-rude* in the next line. But *harsh-rude* only makes that line an Alexandrine, just as many others are in this play; whereas *Thou old* makes the line neither an Alexandrine nor a pentameter; in fact, defeats the metre of it altogether. The Poet probably first wrote *Thou,* and then substituted *Old,* and both words got printed together.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Line 52. *I task* thee *to the like, forsworn Aumerle.*—So Capell and Walker. The old copies read 'I taske *the earth* to the like,' and 'I *take the earth* to the like'; both of which are at odds alike with sense and with metre. Much ingenuity has been exercised to make sense out of 'task *the earth,*' but it is all a mere waste of labour.

l. 53. *And spur thee on with full as many lies*
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun *to* sun.—The old copies read 'As *it* may be holla'd,' and 'From *sinne* to *sinne.*' Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Capell.

l. 103. *Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom*
Of good old Abraham!—My *lords appellants.*—So Capell. The old copies lack *My.*

l. 148. *Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,*
Lest children's *children cry against you* Woe!—The old copies read 'Prevent *it,* resist it,' and also 'Least *Child, Childs* Children.' Corrected by Pope.

l. 181. *Give me the crown.* [The crown is brought to him, and he seizes it.]—*Here, cousin,*
On this side my hand, and on that side yours.—The quarto of 1608, where this speech first appeared, reads thus:

> 'Seize the crown.
> Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side yours.'

In the folio this is altered so as to read thus:

> 'Give me the Crown. Here, Cousin, seize the Crown.
> Here, Cousin, on this side my Hand, and on that side thine.'

The words *seize the crown* were no doubt intended as a stage-direction, and

got printed as part of the text,—a thing that often happened. The correction is Singer's.

l. 209. *With mine own breath release all* duty's rites.—So the quartos. The folio has 'all *dutious oathes*,' which I am apt to think the better reading, although the learned Editors of the 'Clarendon Press Series' observe that it 'seems like the substitution of a commonplace for a difficult reading.' I do not quite take it that a reading is any the better for being difficult. See, however, footnote 3.

l. 295. *And these external manners of* lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief, etc.—The old copies have 'manners of *laments*.' Of course *lament* is for *lamentation*, as the Poet has *dispose* for *disposition*; and it is clear that the plural has no business there. But the misprinting of singulars and plurals for each other is one of the commonest. Corrected by Capell.

l. 303. *Name it*, my *fair cousin*.—Here, again, *my* is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Hanmer.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Line 59. *Thou shalt think*,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all;

And *he shall think that thou, which know'st the way*

To plant unrightful kings, etc.—The old copies are without *And* at the beginning of the fourth line. Supplied by Rowe.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

Line 5. *Where rude misgovern'd hands from* window-*tops*

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.—The old editions have '*windowes* tops.' Corrected by Pope.

l. 37. *But Heaven hath a hand in these events*,

To whose high will we bow *our calm contents*.—So Lettsom. Instead of *bow*, the old copies have *bound*, which was changed by Capell to *bind*. Lettsom is probably right in thinking *bound* a misprint for *bowe*, as the confounding of *d* and *e* final is very frequent.—Milton has a like use of *bow* in *Paradise Regained*, i. 498: 'And Satan, *bowing* low his gray dissimulation.'

l. 55. *If God prevent* it *not, I purpose so*.—Here *it*, needful to the metre, is wanting in the old copies. Supplied by Capell.

l. 57. *Yea, look'st thou pale*, sir? *let me see the writing*.—So Capell. The old copies are without *sir*. Hanmer, to fill up the verse, printed, '*come*, let me see the writing.'

l. 70. *Beseech you, pardon me; I may not show it*.—The old copies read

'*I do* beseech you.' Yet so many lines in this play overrun, that I am doubtful whether this line ought to be thus reduced to a pentameter.

l. 74. *Ho! who's within there?* ho!—The last *ho!* is wanting in the old copies. The addition is Dyce's, who says, 'I prefer making this addition, instead of printing in the next portion of the line, "Saddle *me* my horse," which was given by Hanmer, and is recommended by Walker.'

ACT V. SCENE 3.

Line 10. While *he, young wanton and effeminate boy,*
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.—The old editions have *Which* instead of *While.* Corrected by Pope.

l. 29. *For ever may my knees grow to the earth,*
My tongue cleave to the *roof within my mouth.*—The old copies read 'cleave to *my* roof,' *my* being no doubt accidentally repeated in advance. Corrected by Lettsom.

l. 32. *Intended or committed was this fault?*
If but *the first, how heinous e'er it be,*
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.—So Pope. The old copies read 'If *on* the first.'

l. 101. *His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest.*—So Capell. The old text reads 'his prayers are *in* jest.'

l. 135. *But makes one pardon strong.*
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Duch. *A god on Earth thou art.*—So Pope. The old text has Bolingbroke's speech inverted, 'I pardon him with all my heart.' But *heart* and *art* were evidently meant as the endings of a couplet.

l. 144. *Uncle, farewell;—and, cousin* too, *adieu.*—So the fifth quarto. The other old copies omit *too.* Collier's second folio fills the gap in the verse with *mine.*

ACT V. SCENE 5.

Line. 11. *For no thought is* content. *The better sort—*
As thoughts of things divine—are intermix'd
With scruples, etc.—So Hanmer and Walker. The old copies have *contented.*

l. 17. *To thread the postern of a small* neeld's *eye.*—The old copies have '*needle's* eye.' The folio salves the metre by omitting *small. Neeld* was a common form of *needle,* especially in poetry.

l. 51. *My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they jar*
Their watches to *mine eyes, the outward watch,*
Whereto my finger, like the dial's point, etc.—So the second folio. The earlier editions have 'Their watches *on unto* mine eyes.' The meaning is

the same either way, the difference being merely in the metre. Keightley would substitute *motions* for *watches*; and rightly, I suspect.

l. 55. *Now*, sir, *the* sounds *that* tell *what hour it is*

Are clamorous groans, etc.—So Pope. The old copies read 'the *sound* that *tells*.'—Instead of *sir*, Collier's second folio has *for*, which Walker recommends on the ground of the speech being a soliloquy. But we have many like instances of soliloquy spoken as if addressed to a second person.

l. 69. *What art thou? and how comest thou hither* now,

Where no man ever comes, etc.—So Dyce. The old copies are without *now*. Capell supplied *man*.

l. 83. *So* proud *as if he had disdain'd the ground.*—'So *proudly*' in the old copies. Corrected in Collier's second folio.

l. 105. *How now! what!* mean'st *death in this rude assault?*—The old text reads 'what *meanes* Death,' etc.; out of which it is hardly possible to make any sense. The correction is Staunton's.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

Line 32. *The mightiest of thy* greatest *enemies.*—Capell proposed 'thy *mighty* enemies'; which, if not written by Shakespeare, surely ought to have been.

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